The Bystander, December 10, 1919. No. 836. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

BY ABBEY

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Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

"SOME folks as chucks the bookays abart gets 'em back in the eye," remarked Bill, darkly.

"What do you mean by this cryptic remark?" I asked.

"I dunno what yer means by scriptic," he growled, "but I knows as that Lloyd George 'as got 'is answer from South Wales, the (incubus). 'E's bin callin' respectable workin' men a lot o' (smoking) anarchists; (pink) Bolshevics, we are, 'e sez. Well, wot does the miners do? Does they refuse ter vote agin the (purple) Coalishern? Does they chuck his dole back inter 'is (extracted) teeth? Does they refuse ter pye their income tax? No! they comes together, an' they ses: 'E's a (toad); but we're public-spirited citizens like, they sez, more spirits for the (fiery) public, they sez, an' we'll pye our (corroded) income tax, they sez. An' I'll tell yer for why, Clarence: 'cos they won't be be'olden ter a Coalishern (caterpillar)."

"You mean the miners have decided against an income tax strike?"

"Yer intellect is gettin' dazzlin'."

"Then all I can say is that though 60,000 voted in favour of paying, 55,000 voted the refusal. You can't call that very hearty."

Insanity

"'Ow!" roared Bill, "yer must be barmy! Want the (fetid) income tax pide 'earty! Anythin' else we can do for yer Royal 'Ighness? Did yer git married 'earty? Will yer be 'ung 'earty? I tell yer, yer toffs is 'ard ter please. Yer ort ter be dahn on yer reach-me-down trahser knees a-thankin' Trotsky we don't 'ave 'em orf yer, 'stead o' flappin' yer mouth abaht pyin' up 'earty. Yer must 'ave a bit orf the top, as the biby said when 'e decapertated the egg. Yer ripe fer Dr. Addison's cure fer incipient insanity."

"Has the Minister of Health proposed . . . ?"

"Yes! 'e 'as. Tork o' public benefacters! Backin' up the Association fer the care o' the (mauve) mentally defective, 'e sez as we might orl be kept out o' Parliament, Colney 'Atch, I mean, if we was taken in time. Ar! Clarence, wot a (smouldering) beautiful prospect that ideer opens! Mrs. Gawber gives me lip: 'Op it ter Addison, I sez, yer got dementia a-comin' on, I sez. Or 'Erb votes for the (ardent) Coalishern candidate. I 'and 'im over ter Addison, 'cos 'e's tryin' ter commit electoral sooicide. Or I jest 'as a good squint at the likes o' you, Clarence, an' . . ."

Lady Astor

"HAND us over to Dr. Addison. You might send us all, for doesn't Hamlet say it's a mad world? I suppose you'd give Plymouth the Addison cure for electing Lady Astor?"

"Oh," said Bill, "I dunno as I'd go as far as that. Can't say I like 'er; no! I'll 'ave no truck with them aristercrats as came over with the Normans. But I'm broad-minded, like, an' wot I sez is this 'ere: if we *got* ter 'ave a (pulverised) aristercracy an' a (decorated) 'Ouse o' Commons, then let's 'ave a bit o' fun like. A bit o' variety. I want ter 'ear Lidy Astor sye as she ain't mikin' tracks when she's asked ter move the Address; I want ter 'ear 'er tell Robert Cecil that 'e can 'and out the dope, when 'e tries ter turn away 'er wrath with a bit o' soft soap. But wot

THE NEW RICH AND THE NEW POOR—
—and one distinct law for each

By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

I really sez is it's a good thing ter 'ave the (fermenting) wimmin in Parliament 'cos they does less 'arm there than wot they does at 'ome. Why? 'cos wot they sez in the 'ome gets noticed like, while in Parliament . . . well, 'ardly!"

Will They Never Be Satisfied?

And so my Lady Viscountess Astor is a Member of Parliament, and the odd thing about it all is that women, taking them generally, are not burstingly enthusiastic over the great event. Even the most bellicose Suffragist, Suffragette ladies of the fire-and-flame-and-damage-a-policeman-if-you-can days, are reserved in their joy that at last their sex is represented at Westminster. Frankly, whilst they rejoice in the great historical fact that petticoats now adorn the benches of the Lower Chamber, they say they wish the Plymouth election had been won on a different issue, and that the first woman Member of Parliament had not been returned on such personal grounds. Some of them roundly declare that Lady Astor was only elected because she appealed to emotions which are usually satisfied by American films.

But, then, Lady Astor was born an American, and what is called in the States her "purview," is naturally American. And there is a good deal of the primitive in that "purview." On the night of her historic entrance into Parliament a former most ardent Suffragette, who once did time at Holloway, said to me, "Now women have the vote we ought to be represented by the states-women amongst us, not by women who talk to the electors about their emotions and prattle clap-trap about their domestic affairs!"

The comment that arises in the brain of your bewildered servant is, "What do the blessed dears really want?"

SIGNOR ORLANDO

Who has recently been elected President of the Italian Chamber. He was, of course, a very prominent figure in the summer at the Peace Conference in Paris

"A Rose By Any Other Name"

A killing story has been going the round in one of the hunting shires, a story which shows that it is not always wise to trust to your memory, and that a note in time saves—well, you shall see.

In this particular county there is a lady, a mighty huntress before the Lord, who has long been famous for the beauty and luxuriance of her hair, her eyebrows, and her eyelashes. She is the kindliest of souls. Consequently when a little bride told her that she was in despair because combsful of hair were coming night and morning from her own pretty head, she told her the secret of her own flowing locks.

The Advice

"Once a week, my dear, I soak my hair with the best castor oil, just before I go to bed. I cover my head all over with an indiarubber bathing-cap and sleep in it. The next morning I shampoo my hair thoroughly. Then every night I smear just a drop of castor oil on my eyebrows and my eyelids. I've done it for years, and I'm sure that is why my hair is so strong and thick."

The little bride said she would most certainly follow the prescription, seeing the result before her. "But, my dear, be sure to get the best and purest castor oil" was the parting admonition of her adviser.

What Happened

Here comes the point of the story. I think in most of our minds the heritage of childish woes and nursery mandates have caused a confusion between castor oil and cod-liver oil. It certainly had done so in the mind of he little bride. When she got to the chemist's she asked for cod-liver oil, and insisted upon having "the best and purest." She followed the directions most faithfully. Need I say any more?

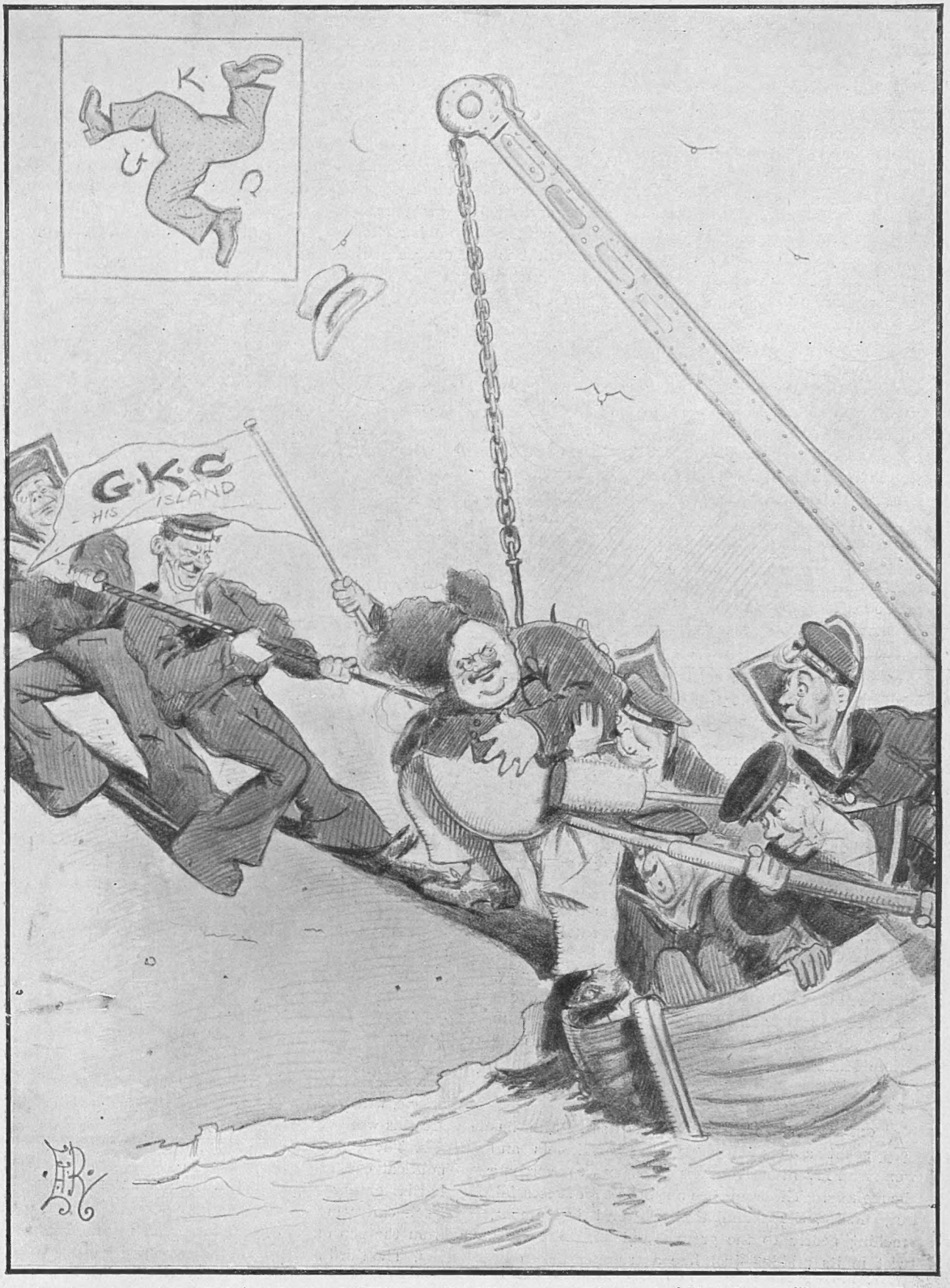
(*Continued on page 864*)

PRINCESS MARY IN FLEET STREET

The Princess last week attended the opening of the new City Women's Club in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. She is here seen declaring the club open, and on her left is the Lord Mayor of London

If Our Men of Letters Broke Loose

À LA GABRIELE D'ANNEXIO



The Landing (no child's play) of Gilberto K. Ciestertone (called "Il Adiposo") on the Isle of Man to dispute its possession with another distinguished *litterateur* who got there first

(All dramatic and film rights reserved here and in the United States)

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

More Hair

APROPOS of hair, I commend this to my beloved lady readers, if they want to get "one back" on a particular friend and dear enemy. At *Prince Igor* the other night I said to my neighbour, after we had first bowed to a dame of our acquaintance in a box on the pit-tier, "What pretty hair Lady —— has."

"You think so?" was the answer. "It's the same she always wears!"

Not Quite Cricket

NOBODY is saying very much about the persistent attacks on the Government in a certain section of the daily Press, but I think we can take it that the effect on public opinion is not what is intended by its inspirers. It is an axiom that you can create belief by persistent repetition of a story, but the axiom don't work unless your story is consistent. And this is just where the attack on the Government, and especially on the Prime Minister, is being badly managed.

To begin with, the Government and the Prime Minister can do nothing right—no matter what it may be. Then, on the top of that, one week these particular journals are calling on high Heaven to witness the weakness, cowardice (adjectives as many as you like, and for all tastes) of the Government with regard to the Irish trouble. The Government takes very decided steps about Sinn Fein—and lo! another deluge of abusive adjectives.

WANTED—ANOTHER RAT WEEK!
By W. E. Wigfull

This is a mistake, because it rouses the sense of cricket, which is a big factor in the mental composition of even the man in the street.

Those who know, know that which they do know, and if it eventually comes to a square fight between the Prime Minister and the inspirers of this "Damn him at all costs" campaign, I put my money on the Prime Minister—it isn't cricket.

The Ear-Trumpet and the Verger

A CERTAIN Countess Dowager is deaf. She has spent a small fortune in ear-trumpets and wonderful inventions that are advertised to overcome the malady. The result has not been over successful, but, finally, she found that a weird instrument, reaching nearly to the ground and with a curious twist in its middle—just like a trumpet blown by angels in the old Italian pictures—enabled her to hear. She was staying in the North, and went to the local church on the Sabbath morn.

Suspicions

As she entered the church the verger looked at the odd instrument with grave suspicion. He showed her to a seat, but it was at the back of the church, so the lady moved nearer the chancel, changing from pew to pew until she was well up in front. The verger watched her movements very much as a policeman watches an intending burglar.

When the choir entered, the Countess Dowager lifted the massive instrument to her ear, carefully arranging its large bell-like end on the edge of the next pew. With a swirl of black robes, the verger rushed down the aisle, and putting a hand on her shoulder, hissed, "One toot, wumman, an' oot ye gang!"

The Great Opera Ball

LADY CUNARD, faced with the problem of somehow or other linking up Grand Opera, on behalf of which her dance at Covent Garden Opera House was arranged last week, with the "jazz roll," the "shimmy shake," "tickle toes," and all the other concomitants of one-step, fox-trot, and hesitation waltz, got over the difficulty with distinction. She arranged for Miss Phyllis Bedells and Mr. Gavrilov to give an exhibition of ballet-dancing during the ball, and a most attractive feature it was. And when I say that the distinguished box-holders and dancers included almost every rank known to "Debrett" and more than one to the "Almanach de Gotha," and that many hundreds of accomplished dancers made merry until 5 o'clock in the morning to the tunes of the Beecham Orchestra and a Jazz band, I have said all that is necessary to give an indication of the success of the ball.

New Features of "The Bystander"

OUR readers' attention is drawn to three new features in this issue:

1. The illustrations to our weekly theatrical article, which has always been such a popular feature, are this week reproduced in colour.

2. The first of a new fortnightly series of striking political caricatures, also in colour, by our special Parliamentary Cartoonist, appears on page 893. Each caricature will be accompanied by an article from the pen of "Fitzwilliam."

3. The third new feature in the issue is a brilliantly written fiction series, "Monte Carlo While You Wait," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, each weekly instalment of which will be complete in itself.

Political Personalities in Caricature

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY D'EGVILLE

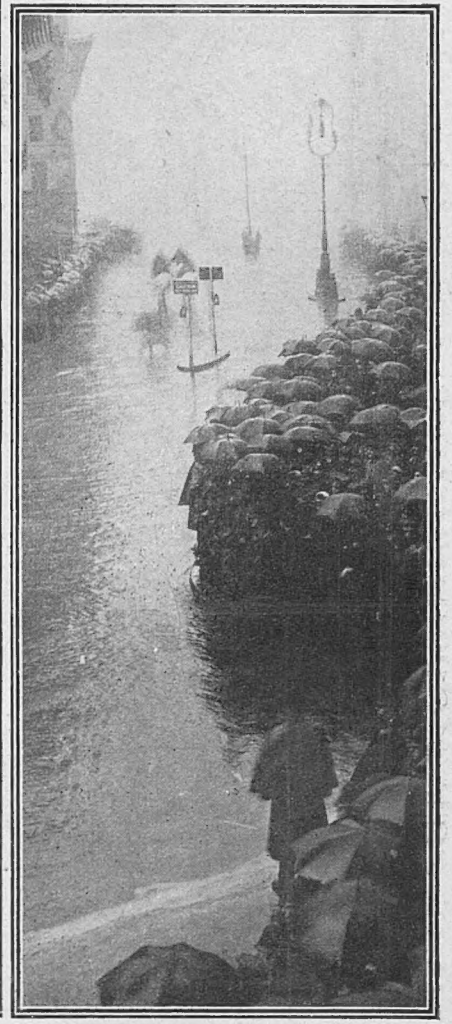
HOME AGAIN!

AT PORTSMOUTH—

The Prince in conversation with an officer on the quayside immediately after landing

—AT VICTORIA STATION—

Here the Prince was met by the King and Queen, Princess Mary, Queen Alexandra and many Cabinet Ministers, including the Premier



—AND THE CROWD IN THE RAIN

Near the King Charles Statue. In spite of the weather there were great crowds to welcome the Prince

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 8, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

IN real pukka English winter weather—darkness, damp, drizzle, depressingness to the nth degree—our newest, youngest, handsomest, and most attractive of Ambassadors arrived in England last week. But he was armed with golden memories enough to defy any weather. You know that delightful had-a-lovely-voyage feeling—lots of bracing air, and things—you know what the Navy is. . . . I hear the Prince of Wales simply insisted on the Marines' band playing, and not always classical music either, at every meal, I think it was. But it mightn't have included breakfast—you know what the Navy is. And plenty of not too brain-racking diversion between meals. Sprinting round the deck, for instance, just to keep your figure in order, and every night a cinema show. And we know what those naval cinemas are.

ANYWAY he arrived at Victoria last week bigger, brighter, more charming than ever—untired and quite ready for the Opera Ball, and the Carpentier-Beckett fight, and his first big public dinner for the Great Northern Hospital this week. And more modest than ever, in spite of all that petting and admiration, and those real diplomatic triumphs, on the other side. *Vive le Prince!*

ALMOST for weeks on end no sun, no blue sky, no soft wind, no nothing but dem'd damp, dark, depressing dulness and dimness. Discomfort, they say's, good for the soul. Stimulates it. But a south wind and a golden sun shining in cerulean skies stimulate mine *much* more effectively. In fact, after this murky blackness of London, could thrill, I think, even to the austere white and silver of snow-carpeted Switzerland. To which wintry land they're already proceeding, those gay and free ones who prefer the healthier joys of winter sports to the more "stuffy," though hardly less thrilling, delights of Monte Carlo and the like.

WHO was it said morals were a matter of longitude—or was it latitude? Suppose that's why we're *so* good in England—an affair of climate. So difficult for even the fluffiest to fluff successfully when you're feeling more like a depressed nursery governess than anything human. And the delights of even the most platonic dalliance take some working up when there's a thick fog on outside, or the Coal Controller's been playing his controlling game *inside*.

BUT oh! dear, here we are, here in this mud-coloured England, and, just at the moment, can't see a ghost of a chance of getting out of it! But, of course, in parts, the poor old thing's not so bad, you know, 'specially for those, not the New Poor, whose nicely warmed motor-car (proceeds of that jolly old War) shelters them from all the horrors of streets and tubes and 'buses and taxis here in London now.

"Dem'd, damp, dark, depressing dulness"

"At the modern dance, where the music never stops"

ONE can always dance, and all the longer as the days get drearier and darker. And at the modern dance, where the music never stops at all, or, if it does, only while the band takes half a breath, you've simply not got time to feel the cold—not even if it snows and the central heating doesn't heat. Apropos, *more* dancing clubs opening, though I did see somewhere that in the hectic suburbs the first wild pash. for old terpsichore's a little dying down. Or do they, d'you think, now come "up West" to learn that first lesson in urban worldly wisdom, which is how to misconduct yourself respectably?

WHICH, of course, the young women of Suburbia learned in the War all right, when, to help win it, they flocked in their thousands, their flapping hundreds of thousands, into Whitehall and Aldwych

and Kingsway, etc., etc. You have, as someone says, to be wise as a serpent to look harmless as a dove. And she's as out of fashion as khaki, the red-haired siren, "tiger-skin period," with an Elinor Glyn-t in her eye. It doesn't go with tammy hats, knee-length skirts, and bobbed hair.

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And, talking of clothes, really am rather startled to learn, as "latest from Paris," that on the newest evening frocks *the backs are cut even lower than the waist*, though "few women can show a back to please an artist's eye." . . . Going to have *quite* a merry Christmas, we are, *I* can see, in those brighter circles where one dresses to surprise as well as please. We have been, says Mr. Churchill, transformed by the War —"but into a sphere from every point of view indefinitely lower." Extraordinary, isn't it, how even the cleverest men nowadays do not disdain to keep *au courant* with what's and what's not worn?

"With an Elinor Glyn-t in her eye"

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It's said, by the way, that there's not only a gambling, but also a shopping boom. The post-war "Christmas rush" began a month earlier than the pre-war one, and it's not, apparently, made the slightest difference—the poisonous post-war price of everything from dolls to diamonds. No hint of the talked-of world's-poverty *anywhere*. They're as busy in Brixton as in Bond Street, and we aren't exactly concentrating on necessities, either, as was plain at the Christie sale of just a small selection of the Sassoon treasures last week.

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For two panels of tapestry some twelve thousand pounds; for four Limoges plates (Joseph and Potiphar's wife illustrations) four thousand; for a small dish (with scenes from the Book of Genesis) fifteen hundred; a Sienna dish (depicting Apollo and Daphne) three thousand guineas; a pair of bottles ("featuring" Leda and the Swan and Lucretia) six hundred guineas; Pluto and Proserpine (on an Urbino tazza) four hundred guineas; a Bacchante and faun (small bronzes) one thousand five hundred and fifty guineas; and a Clodion female satyr six hundred and eighty guineas.

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Suppose the engaging "pictures on the box" don't *detract* from the value of these treasures. Can let themselves go, of course—consider Nevinson!—these artist people, on scriptural and mythological subjects, there being no one to say things *weren't* done that way, not always, no matter to what lengths artistic licence carries.

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Not that we pay high prices only for the goods we take home with us these peace days. Thirty—or was it fifty?—guineas handed out last week without a murmur for a seat at the great Carpentier-Beckett boxing match, and not a seat's been to be had for ages for this week's great 'Varsity football match at Queen's. Says Dean Inge, "We are only just beginning to realise that we are *galloping* along the road to ruin." Would the rev. gentleman tell me who "We" are? One doesn't meet them about.

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And certainly one doesn't hear of them, anyway, in those circles where there's plenty of time to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest every word that may be written about the condition of the world. In Mayfair, for instance, brides now indulge in fourteen (at least) bridesmaids—and there's no suggestion of economy in *that*, as any bridegroom will tell you! And at anything between five and ten million sterling, if there *has* been a War, the U.S. papers are estimating the fortune of our richest duke-to-be, Lord Blandford of the Blues.

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Who is only twenty-two—how the War has brought these young things on, what? I suppose when you're really rich beyond the dreams, or even within quite modest ones, nothing matters—I mean, in the way of being happy or unhappy. For if you're happy lots of money makes you lots happier, and there's nothing like money, and especially lots of money, for taking the sting out of unhappiness.

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You don't believe me? No, but it's true, alas! I know, you see, quite lots of war-widows, some rich, but most of them poor. For the rich ones there is every anodyne the world can offer —to the rich. For the poor ones there is—nothing! I'm afraid he is both sentimental and stupid who undervalues, these days, the superhuman power of money.

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

"Kissing Time, Indeed!"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS MADGE SAUNDERS

The well known Gaiety actress in her wedding dress. She was married yesterday, Dec. 9th, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Mr. Leslie Henson, of "Kissing Time" fame

Temples of Terpsichore:

NO. II.—"PARTNERS—WHILE YOU WAIT"

The type of Dance Club, so cleverly illustrated above, is that which makes a speciality of instruction to the novice. And very necessary it is, too, at a time like the present, when, before you have finished dancing one perfectly good new dance, it may have become absolutely out of fashion! But at this kind of Dance Club you can hire a partner for 6d. a dance, who will instruct you in all the latest "stunts"

BY HELEN McKIE

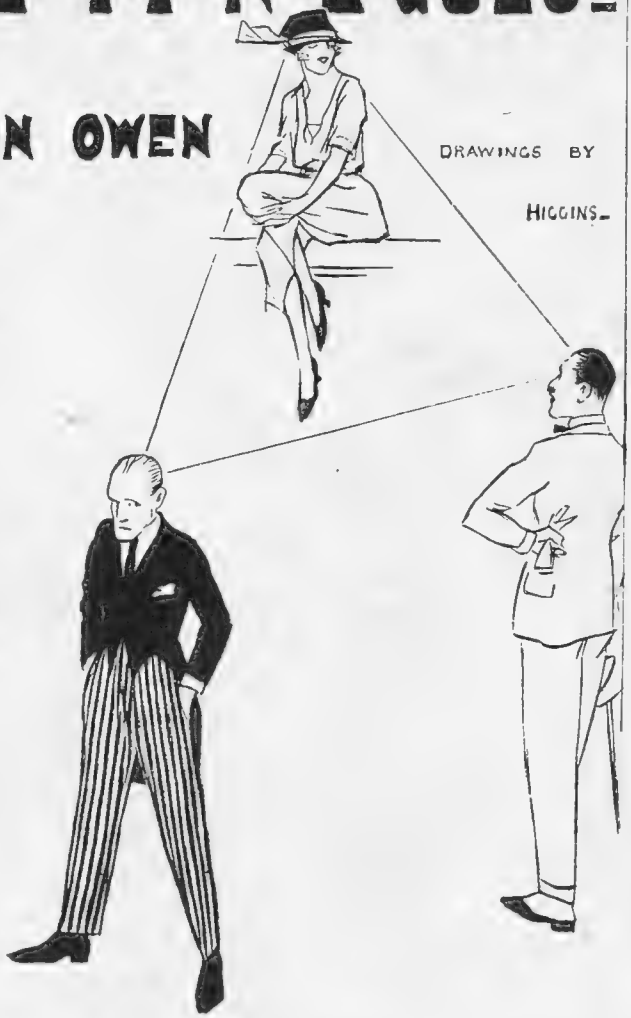
MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY

H. COLLINSON OWEN

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. VII.—Reggie on the Sex Question



"The eternal triangle"

"If you had a wife and she had a gentleman friend," I said to Reggie, "would you . . . ?"

"Your question is almost improper," returned Reggie. "And, anyhow, it's absurd. I foresee no danger of having a wife, but if I had she would certainly have not one, but several thousand friends. There would have to be something very extraordinary about a lady to make me marry her. Consequently I should say that at all hours of the day there would be queues of gentlemen friends waiting to call and pay their respects.

"But I suppose you've been reading this newspaper correspondence on the subject. It's a thrilling question. I think you and I have already discussed some aspects of the modern young lady. There is much to be said in her favour. She dances delightfully, and has charming ankles. Perhaps one should not ask for more. But in return for her gifts of person she is certainly asking a great deal in the way of privileges.

"Imagine the early Victorian bride laying it down to George, her husband, that whenever her crinoline walks abroad there must be a tame pair of peg-top trousers in attendance. . . . But one cannot imagine it. The most daring novelists of that bygone age—if there were any—would not have dared to toy with such a subject. But in our own time it becomes the subject of leading articles, and eminently respectable people living in remote suburbia do not hesitate to put their names to letters advocating that every young married person should be equipped with a spare wheel, so to speak. I tell you, since the day when William of Potsdam decided to shake up this placid world we've hopped along the road of Progress in seven-leagued boots. There's nothing our young ladies are afraid of.

"The dear old Kaiser's spirit must have infected 'em. They will argue with you most earnestly on the Divine Right of Flings for Young People. And so far they've carried everything before them. They have never met their Marne, and it seems to me that without bothering about a Peace Conference they've already dictated terms. Man is told to abdicate and skip off the imperial throne, which he has occupied in unbroken succession since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

"Man as the Little Tin God is now a wash-out. The happy days when he could pass hours of pleasant idleness in trying to count his wives on his fingers are as dead as pre-War whisky. Step by step since then his natural privileges have been shorn from him. There came a time when his womenfolk looked with a cold eye even on those handy little business appointments which kept him late at the office. It was made perfectly clear to him that in these modern times his luxuries were rationed, and were limited strictly to one. And now he is allowed only a decimal fraction. Not only must he give his sole and undivided attention to one wife, but he must allow a friend to butt in and shoulder part of the joyous burden. Once the Colonel of a Regiment he is now a mere private on half-pay. It is a sad decline.

"It's really the old Eternal Triangle played to a new tune. This interesting geometrical formation used to be composed of two ladies at the base with a gallant, but wayward, gentleman sitting at the apex. Now the ingredients are reversed, and the lady sits on top. On her right she looks down on a subdued male, whose weary, resigned air proclaims him Husband. On her left she gazes kindly on a Bright Being, whose upturned eyes speak of five o'clock teas and tickets for the theatres. She is monarch of all she purveys, and wouldn't change places with Great Catherine.

"MONOCLE MONOLOGUES" (*continued*)

"The root of the whole matter is really the inequality of the sexes. Man is in such a dreadfully inferior position nowadays that his gentle partner is no longer thrilled with respect and awe by his mere existence. She's got a political half-Nelson on him, but she no longer has a blind eye. She used to look up to him. Now she looks him up and down, and decides that he is not really a miracle. It's all a result of that Suffragette war which caused old Kaiser Bill to stake his last pfennig on World Power or the broker's man. And just when the patient male population of these Isles of the Blest was taking off its collective slipper to deal with the problem at home the Great War broke out and the husbands of our land were drafted off to foreign parts. And while they were away dealing with church burners on a rather larger scale our sentimental politicians at home sold the banished husbands the most gigantic pup in history, and pinned the vote on six million tender breasts. In America they seized the occasion to make the country dry. In England our tender-hearted legislators wept over their good deed until all Westminster was wet.

"So that all the fellers returned from the wars to find that their good ladies had not merely drawn level in the race, but were leading by a neck, and going strong. The sweet creatures retain all the immemorial privileges that rightfully belong to 'em, and in addition are plastered all over with political and social labels pinched from their husbands' trunks. They've ceased to rock the cradle, but they're out to rule the world.

"Before the fine old Pankhurst Family set out to reform the universe it was man's proud boast that he possessed all the vices. He smoked and drank, the fiend; backed horses, the devil; and occasionally bought one of 'em a blouse or a motor-car, the scoundrel, according to his means. It was his proud mission to mop up all the evil that was going, and leave none to affect the peace and security of his happy home. He went boldly out to meet it, armed with sword and buckler, and slew the dragon as near Piccadilly Circus as possible, so that the terrible beast should not wander out towards Mayfair or the suburbs, or wherever his domestic cave might happen to be situated. If anybody in the family was to be spotted by the world he took care to collect the spots on his own shirt front. The system had its little imperfections, as most things have, but, on the whole, it worked pretty well. He could always send his shirt to the laundry, and in those days none of the Divorce Court Judges collapsed from overwork.

"But now, alas! the scene is changed. While he was away at the War, cultivating all the higher and sterner virtues, lovely woman was experimenting with his little vices at home. And she liked 'em. There's no denying it. She took to 'em like a mongoose takes to snakes. The harmless little cigarette led the victim to the lure of the cocktail, and so, step by step, to *chemin de fer*, night clubs, spotting winners—in fact, the complete solar spectrum of masculine bad habits. The West End became an open book to her. And finally she went out hunting her own dragons, but instead of slaughtering them in their natural habitat she tucks the dear little creatures under her arm and brings 'em home. And that's where we are now. Hubby sits in his study adding up columns of figures and wondering how much the Government's going to leave him, and the dear dragon sits in the drawing-room, spreading out his handsome tail, and wondering what theatre they can go to next."

"Dearest, let me present Mamie"

"But, Reggie, this is hardly fair. Most of these friendships, after all, are merely platonic. They . . ."

"Halt right there, old thing. You've said it. You've uttered the dreadful word. It's worse than Abracadabra. It's the root of all evil. It has wrecked more happy homes than auction bridge.

"Down in Hades they regard platonic friendships as money for nothing. It's one of their most popular lines. That unholy phrase is the most dangerous bit of camouflage ever invented by the Old Gentleman. It's the innocent cherry floating on the cocktail. It's the icing on the poisoned sponge cake.

"Many a fair young thing has succumbed to the lure of its dangerous magic, only to find when it is too late that she has been playing with very hot chestnuts. Platonic friendship is the dagger that pierces the chink in the feminine armour. It appeals to one of the most potent motives in feminine nature—namely, the desire

(*Continued on page 874*)

Overheard in Whitehall

CHEERY DEMOBBED ONE: "Did you hear that a lunatic had been caught in the War Office?"
DISGRUNTLED DITTO: "What rank?"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

to get something for nothing. It belongs to the same family of bacilli as the bargain sale fever and the hire purchase system. With one you get a nice gold watch on a first payment of five shillings. With the other you get a nice male friend, and, according to the contract, pay nothing at all. But, of course, there's a catch in it.

"Armed with that awful word and an engaging, friendly smile, any unprincipled feller past his first youth may accomplish wonders. It is his substitute for the passion and fire of earlier years, and it's a sight more dangerous. The youngster risks all on a frontal attack, and as often as not limps wounded back to his club, and in the dim recesses of the smoke-room decides that women are damned incomprehensible beings, and that in future he'll stick to golf. But the other is a patient, deadly feller. He saps and mines. Clothed in his magic word his fell purpose is invisible. The elements are so mixed in him that it's impossible for a poor husband to decide what's pure milky benevolence, and what's the other thing. Meanwhile, working behind a protective screen of theatre tickets, dance programmes, and chocolate-boxes, the dragon goes on with his burrowing. Outwardly the fair apple of his eye has not lost its complexion. But at her heart there is a fine to-do. She sees that a platonic friend may behave as a perfect darling and make life all *couleur de rose*, even on a sloppy November day. While hubby is at the office the tame dragon is piloting her through the mazes of a *thé dansant*. And she begins to think disparagingly of husbands. What's the use of them, anyway? And if he objects to the dragon—why, he is the most intolerant of men, and doesn't know a real friend when he sees one. The breach widens. And the day comes when the dragon touches off his mine—and there's another little grey home gone west."

"But surely it's quite simple, Reggie. If the wife insists on having a friend why doesn't the husband do likewise. Surely . . ."

"Oh! my dear old thing, I'm afraid your gentle nature will lead you into difficulties some day. 'Pon my soul, you amaze me. Don't you know that though a wife may insist on having a friend of whom her husband must not be jealous, she would never tolerate her lawful property going out and doing likewise? Can you see him bringing home a sweet young thing and saying, 'Dearest, let me present Mamie. Our friendship, though constant and intensive, is purely platonic, and I'm sure you'll like each other very much. . . . And we're just off to see *Joy Bells*. Ta, ta! Don't wait up.' Can you see the benevolent tolerance shining like an Alpine afterglow on dear wifie's face? Can you see her welcoming smile to the little pussy on the hearth? . . . No, no. I think not—not in any kind of *pantalons*. But there's one thing she *might* do, all the same."

"And what's that, Reggie?"

"Scratch her, my lad."

THE HOUSE "ROSE"
An old phrase with a new meaning

By Mab Treeby

"THE KISS CALL"

AT "THE GAIETY"

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

SIR ALFRED BUTT has left nothing to chance in his latest production at the Gaiety. In addition to the usual number of gifted authors, there is agreeably insinuating music by Mr. Ivan Caryll, and a choice array of humorists of both sexes. Mr. Austin Melford is, of course, an ideal light comedian, while Mr. Stanley Lupino has his well-known constant supply of boisterous fun. And, to provide for those who like humour of the quiet and incisive kind, there is Mr. G. P. Huntley, who can get a laugh with practically no physical effort at all. The production as a whole looks like a deliberately planned attempt to please everybody, which Euclid, or some chap like that, has declared to be impossible. But I think on this occasion practical experiment has, as usual, knocked the theorists flat.

HENRY DE BRAY AND PEGGY LINDBLAD

IRENE MAGLEY AND AUSTIN MELFORD

THE story is taken from the French, and I observe that, in spite of the War, our old friends are at it again. It is all about giddy husbands, so that, as you will see, it is pure fiction, as there aren't such things really. Everybody knows that. Dr. Deare and Dr. Pym have a way of taking an evening off now and then, and to account for their absence from home they give their confiding wives to understand that they have received an urgent summons to operate in an important case. Dr. Deare (Mr. Melford) is the Harley Street specialist

with his hundred-guinea fees; while Dr. Pym (Mr. Lupino) does business at half-a-crown a time, with the medicine thrown in, and nothing on the bottle. Simple and trustful as their wives are, however, neither of the ladies is so childlike as she looks.

MRS. PYM, for instance, on learning that her husband is going out for the evening, happens upon a young Frenchman of the name of Emile, who tells her he is an "attaché." Not the mere, commonplace functionary belonging to an embassy, but a worldly-wise gentleman of distinguished appearance, who attaches himself to families in which there are ladies who need a "tame cat" to escort them to the theatre, or the dance, or, I suppose, to skate with them over very thin ice. Emile is, for the moment, out of a job in his particular (or not particular, as you like) line, and he would very much like to be appointed attaché to the Pym family, especially as the family is limited for the moment to Dr. Pym and his fascinating wife, and the doctor is nearly always out. When Emile offers to take Mrs. Pym to the fête at the Botanical Gardens she readily accepts, satisfied that the enterprise will occupy her attention agreeably, and divert her mind from the regretted absence of her husband.

MRS. DEARE, having found out by accident that *her* husband has not told her the truth (can such things be?), decides to go on the romp herself. Unfortunately she has no "tame cat" available, and, besides, she has no taste for mediocre company. She needs a man of distinction, if she is to be trotted round by a male person at all, and she, therefore, rings up the great Mr. Allsop Bibby at his club. Mr. Bibby's unique distinction is derived from the fact that he is the Amateur Croquet Champion, and I should not be surprised to hear that in his spare time he trains white mice as well. Mrs. Deare asks him over the 'phone to run across and see the doctor at once, and when he comes she apologises for the doctor's absence, and the fact that there is only herself to receive him.

MOST men would have taken the hint; but not so the great Mr. Bibby. To begin with, he is apologetic. He has been obliged to come in the fancy dress costume he is wearing, as he was

about to start for the Botanical Gardens; and he apologises again for the fact that he cannot remove his hat in the house, as it is nailed on to his wig. He represents the great Edgar the Fearless, a character that, with a lamentable lack of thoroughness, the historians have failed to record. All these details are, of course, trifling enough in print; but dealt with in Mr. G. P. Huntley's happy vein they become deliciously funny. Funnier still are this popular comedian's efforts to resist the amorous advances of the lady, which seem to make him thoroughly and completely miserable.

MR. LUPINO is no less successful in humour of the more obvious kind. He laments the fact that his partner should get all the big fees while he himself has to put up with the odd shillings. By way of improving his professional prospects he takes a few lessons in the art of acquiring the "bedside manner," and his "business" with a lady patient, represented by a sofa cushion, is quite the best quality of fun. Another very good turn takes place in the flat of the lady who is called Peach Blossom. (The programme doesn't say whether she is Miss or Mrs., and it may well be that she is neither.) She is the lively lady with whom Dr. Deare spends a jolly evening, dancing and singing, and acting generally with the spirit of carnival time. Dr. Pym, who is drawn into this sort of thing against his will (so he says!), is taken in hand by Peach's friend, Charlotte, known more familiarly as "Charlie" (Miss Binnie Hale).

IT is in this scene that Mr. Lupino and Miss Hale sing the duet of the evening. It is all about how they would make love to each other if they were acting on the stage, and all is quite excellent fooling. It begins with a love scene in melodrama, including a display of "grief in a bare back," and drifts into a scene of Oriental affection. By the simple process of adjusting a little veil not much bigger than a respirator over the face, Miss Hale becomes an Eastern beauty, while Mr. Lupino, in a hurriedly assumed turban, is the perfect pasha. As Miss Hale sings, with her face close to her partner's less decorative features, she blows her miniature *yashmak* against his nose, so that in self-defence he has no alternative but to blow it back.

As is usual in these plays, all the couples concerned turn up at last at the same rendezvous, which in the present case is the Botanical Gardens, a scene of pleasing magnificence that brings down the curtain at the finish. Miss Madge Saunders as Mrs. Pym sings very sweetly when any of the music comes her way, and looks very charming besides. Miss Evelyn Laye, as Mrs. Deare, is equally charming, and has a clear vein of humour besides, manifested in her duet with Mr. Huntley in the first act and her solo in the second act on the interesting subject of "Husbands." The ladies of the chorus are quite as lovely as the Gaiety tradition demands, and just as qualified to become peeresses of the realm as their predecessors. *The Kiss Call* is a bright and exhilarating show from start to finish, and its popularity is already assured.

JINGLE

MIXED GRILL

By Reginald Arkell & Alfred Leeze

LESLIE HENSON MARRIED

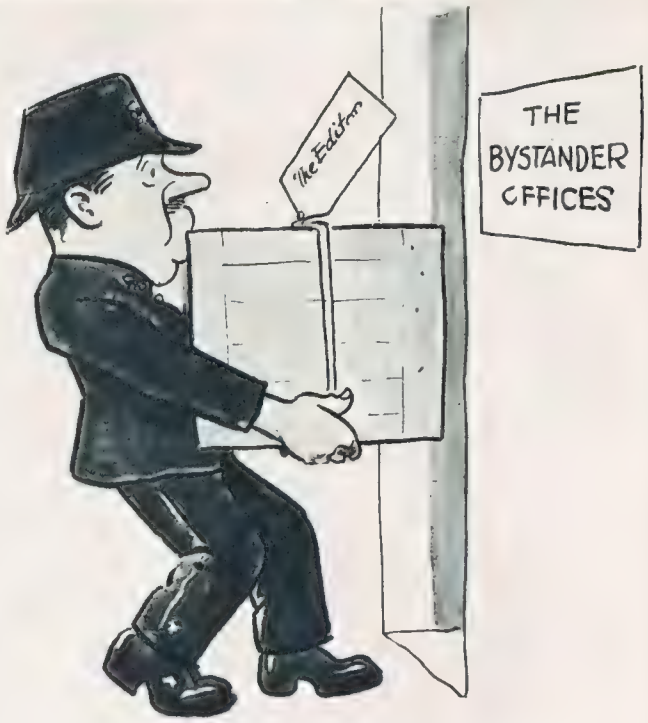
DEAR Leslie, when in "Kissing Time,"
You guyed the girls with ruthless rhyme,
You had no pity.
But now the wedding bells ring out,
Your bride may have *her* say about
That doleful ditty.
Let's hope you'll find that woman can
Sometimes have mercy on a man!

THE CATTLE SHOW

OUR yeomen farmers, splendid men,
Are very enterprising when,
Cattle Show ended,
They wander into Leicester Square,
And judge the calves encountered there:
Highly Commended!

SHOP EARLY

HAVE a heart! Make a start!
Buy your Christmas presents, everyone.
If you wait, till too late,
You may find, as we have often done,
That the dear old pal you sent a present to,
Hasn't had the time to send one back to you!

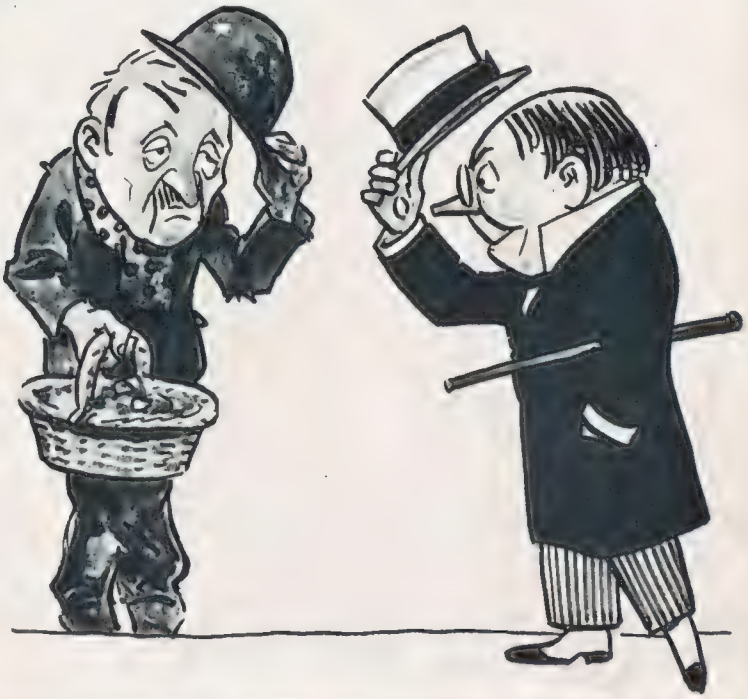


"TO OUR PASSENGERS"

THE Underground advertisements
Are always sound and full of sense;
And it would cause us no surprise,
If one day, they should advertise:
"Don't hang upon that horrid strap,
But sit down on a lady's lap!"

CHAMPIONS ALL

WE have so many champions that
I always stop and raise my hat
To any man I chance to meet,
When I am walking in the street.
The hero, standing in the gutter,
Is London's champion cat's-meat cutter!



The Other Zones

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

A CANDID friend recently pointed out to the Bystander in Occupation that, to judge by the tone of his insolently insular scrawls, there is only one nation occupying Rhineland. He put it, in fact, more bluntly, saying that apparently the whole burden of occupation was being borne by the Bystander in Occupation himself! Being a generous soul, the latter hastens to admit that he does receive a certain amount of assistance from the Army, and even from some of our Allies.

ALREADY the various Zones are taking on distinct characteristics. In the Zone of the Belgians, between Cologne and the Dutch frontier, one realises that the inhabitants are governed by the compatriots of the victims of Louvain, Termonde, and Ardennes A great proportion of the troops there are young men who attained to manhood under the heel of the Prussian jackboot in occupied Belgium. The Hun, who during his five years in their country, systematically carried severity to its extreme limit, when it was not coupled with sheer brutality, is now beginning to realise that this system of governing is only a thoroughly sound scheme when there is no possibility of the governed becoming the governors and retaliating in kind.

PERHAPS the Americans, whose Zone is next "up the Rhine" to ours, have made the most marked impression of their national characteristics on their restricted area. Even the gorgeously arrayed Bahnhofsmeister at Koblenz proclaims the name of his station with a distinct nasal twang. All over the town cute Huns have opened "Shoe Shine Parlours," and nearly every shop displays some announcement in perfectly good American, commencing, "Say, Boys!" "Yank Soldiers Stop Right Here!" "Sammies—Don't read this!" or some other arresting phrase.

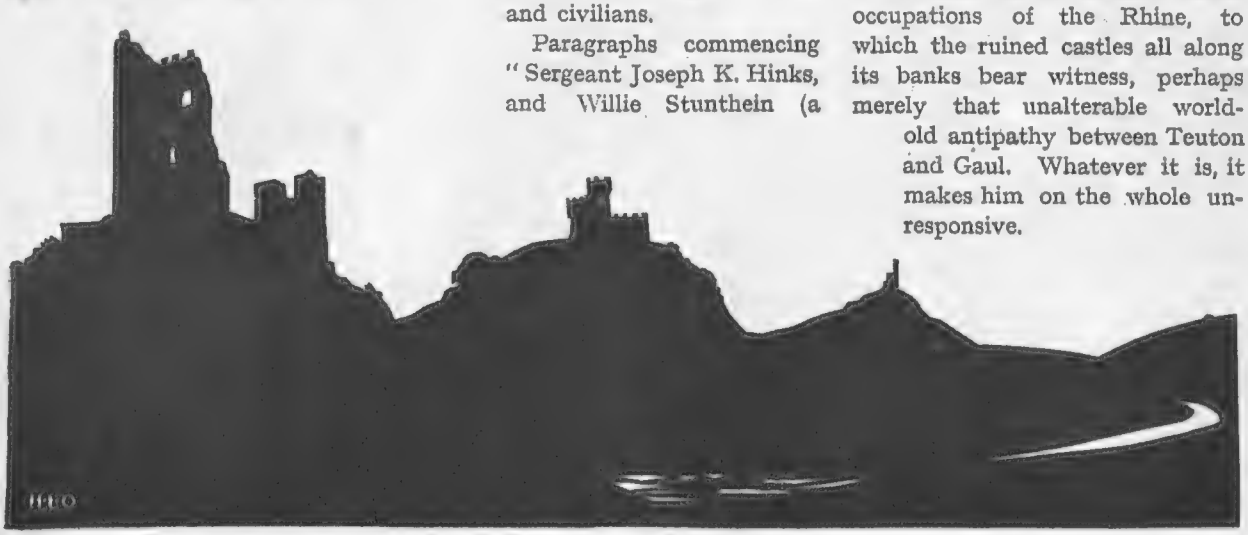
THE speeding up of the Rhinelanders' comfortably-paced street traffic is very evident. All over the town heavy Army lorries, and even ammunition tractors, tear round corners at the pace of a Henry L. Ford going all out, and the inhabitants struggle to compete. The columns of the *Amaroc News* show with what success. This bright little effort of our cousins devotes a daily column to describing, in best New York journalese, the traffic casualties caused by Army vehicles amongst soldiers and civilians.

Paragraphs commencing "Sergeant Joseph K. Hinks, and Willie Stunthein (a Germ.) have agreed to drop sleepwalking at mid-day in Bahnhofstrasse since they found yesterday that a Cadillac bonnet is harder than their anterior economies," are becoming less frequent.

BEYOND Coblenz one finds the attitude of the Rhinelander more difficult to analyse and his feelings more complex. The French gave the lead to us all in removing restrictions on the Hun,

"The speeding up of the Rhinelander"

and are the only occupiers who can be said to have made definite advances to him in the attempt to heal the wounds of War, yet one senses a distinct atmosphere of distrust and suspicion of their Zone. In spite of Franco-German trade exhibitions, and even attempted social *rapprochements*, arranged by the French, the Rhinelander holds back. Perhaps, it is a guilty knowledge of German barbarities in France which makes him unable to believe that they can so soon be pardoned—perhaps it is memories of former French occupations of the Rhine, to which the ruined castles all along its banks bear witness, perhaps merely that unalterable world-old antipathy between Teuton and Gaul. Whatever it is, it makes him on the whole unresponsive.



"The ruined castles all along its banks"

"Here is My Throne: Bid Kings Come Bow to It"

—"King John"

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG AS A HINDU PRINCESS

As she appears enthroned at the end of the great Indian scene in Mr. Albert de Courville's revue "New Joy Bells" at the Hippodrome. "Joy Bells" continues to be the name of this successful revue, but most of the material of which the original was made up has been changed. The two coloured men flanking the scene in this picture are native Indians

United in Peace

My Pre-War Prussic Plum-Pudding

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

THIS is a Yuletide chronicle which is uniquely true in the lieful annals of plum-puddings. On the thirtieth of October the former Berlin Bystander, a fugitive since thrillful August, 1914, from his Kaiserstrasse flat in blithe Wilmersdorf suburblet, returned. His chattels, stored for five mildewy years with a certain "Court Furniture Stores," were intact. He re-embraced his best Britannia-metal egg-spoons (one, however, real silver), his shaving-glass and celluloid-Buhl writing-case, the forgotten cradle of his ninth daughter, Marfushka, and his auburn Biedermeyer desk full of Odes to Psyche and Oweds to Tailors. Yes, even thirty-seven tomes of *Lexikon der Statswirtschaftlichen Wissenschaften!* But most gratifying of all was that he regained—untouched by Time, unnibbled by unscrupulous Tooth—the finest pre-war plum-pudding that ever all the members of a happy family stirred.

IT happened so. The Berlin Bystander married in May, 1900, the daughter of Prince Yurko Voikievitch of Croatia. Croatian royalties deny plum-puddings. They sniff derisively; they make the remark that though they did vow to love and obey a Canonbury Junction journalist, they refuse to obey his puddings. That disgusting British dish! During fourteen years of pre-war marital life, plum-puddings were reviled; and though every December the Berlin Bystander's British friends bombarded him with half a dozen puddings, his Croatian bride never consented to gnaw even the holly on top.

SO history was made. On the eve of Christmas, 'thirteen, plum-puddings rained so torrentially into our Kaiserstrasse flatlet that the parcel-postman had to eat a dozen to lighten his load. Still, seven were left. The Berlin Bystander chuckled; but his Croatian consort growled grimly in English, and spat in her private Jugo-Slav dialect: "*Przszyszprszych!*" For six delirious days the Berlin Bystander dined exclusively on plum-puddings; but the seventh pudding — *the* plum-pudding — lay fallow. "Let it wait till Christmas, 1914," hissed a South-Adriatic voice. "Puddings, unlike husbands, improve with age. *Przszyszprszych!*"

WAR broke out. The panic-mad Berlin Bystander, his Croatian wife, his dachshund "Starry-tailed Luke," and his nine children fled from Prussland in the train that carried also Ambassador-Plenipotentiary Goschen, of "Scrap of Paper" fame. Since then the Berlin Bystander never ate plum-puddings. He forgot them. Fickle man; he remembered his spoons, his Biedermeyer desk, and the cradle of his ninth daughter, Marfushka; but he forgot the kindly, ripe, seductive, blithe, inexpugnable pudding in his Kaiserstrasse flat.

BUT the pudding did not forget him. Held in furniture-store durance beside a piano that played the "Valse Triste" if you dropped eggs on the wires, it cherished thought of reunion. Peace would return. And on the 30th October, while the inflammatorily inquisitive Berlin Bystander (Croatian physiognomy jeering over his shoulder) fished for surprises in the great cracked chest which the Court Furniture Storer's inventory calls "*Kiste* 14," his hand struck something hard and chill like a bowl. He started! There was a cry (almost mutual) of recognition; the long-parted lovers trembled; and out of the chest sprang the blithe pre-war plum-pudding of fateful 'nineteen-thirteen.

OF course, the unpacking ceased. Dazed, uncomprehending, ecstatic, the Berlin Bystander stared. Handling the pudding with the velvety touch with which pensive archæologists tap the mummies of Fourth-Dynasty Pharoah-daughters, he pondered. He smiled; he beamed; all sorts of dizzy, kindly, elemental human sentiments whizzed through his brain; his eyes watered. . . . his mouth watered, too. Speculations followed. Puddings mature and grow gracefuller with beautifying old age. . . . ("They get worse, if that's possible," hissed a voice behind him.) But does this mellowing magic last indefinitely? And doubts entered the disillusioned Berlin Bystander's head.

SUSPICION aggravated doubt. Why was it, he now asked himself darkly, that this plum-pudding so unnaturally survived and flourished when almost equally cherished treasures—his Trecento shrine, for instance, and his skilfully faked Georgian bootjack—had vanished? Is it possible that in hungry Wilhelmian Prussia a plum-pudding could survive six tight-belted years unless there was some fell design? A fatal danger might lurk insidiously. . . . It has been suggested that aconite or Prussic acid . . . Gloom for a moment dispelled the Berlin Bystander's joy. . . . But a moment later, with the happiness of unexpected inspiration, he turned towards his Croatian would-be widow. . . .

"MY bright one!" he began, with the sincere affection that always fizzles from his lips when he asks Yuletide favours. "I know you'll consent to boil it. But risk in the business there undoubtedly is. Now, I suggest that the surest way of avoiding danger of death is to ask our new Prussic landlord, Herr Dr. Phil. Grossfresser, to share our Christmas dinner, *and help him first.*" "It's not necessary," answered the Berlin Bystander's Croatian wife. "He would fall dead in any case. The better a plum-pudding is, the deadlier. Why didn't you win the war at Christmas, 1914, by letting five million plum-puddings slip past the blockade? Because your silly old imitation of a War Office is an idiot. *Przszyszprszych!*"

Shur-r-r-r-up!

RUSSIA IS NEARLY AS BORING AS IRELAND!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"LE DERN

NIER CRI"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"OWNER WOULD LIKE TO GET RID OF 100 H.P. SINGER—GUARANTEED SOUND"
By Albert Bailey

The League of Nations

By ADRIAN ROSS

You take some nations, great or small,
In point of fact, you take them all,
Provided they are what you call
Sincerely democratic;
You do not care what names they have,
Czecho-Slovak or Jugo-Slav,
If they exist by force of gravitation automatic.
Then, having got your nation States,
Of various sizes, shapes, and weights,
You take sufficient delegates
From each self-governed unit;
And when you get them all to meet,
Your orchestra will be complete,
And should discourse a music sweet
(If only you can tune it).

And this is the League of the Nations,
Designed for august consultations,
Where its members will speak by the day or the week,
With spaces for tea and translations.
All quarrels and all complications
Will yield to the flood of orations,
And the brand of the Boche will come out in the wash
That is talked by the League of the Nations.

Then if some nations disagree,
As has been known, and still may be,
About the Freedom of the Sea,
Or other knotty matter,
They must not, as in ages past,
Unleash the awful battle blast,
When through the air, intensely gassed,
Immoral Maxims chatter.
But delegates (say two of each)
Will talk in every local speech,
From Afric's golden tropic beach
To Arctic Russia's chill sun;
And when their latest breath they spend,
The foe will sleep, and wake a friend,
And all the ancient quarrels end
In Peace and in Good Wilson.

And this is the League of Nations,
The cream of all civilisations,
Which will start on the day when the great U.S.A.
Has agreed on its own reservations.
But this may involve disputations
For three or for four generations;
When they finally close, it may happen—who knows?—
That there's not any League of the Nations.

"GOLF WIDOWS"

BY HUGH WILLIAMS

Compensations in the Sunny South

"No, sir, the heating in this room is not sufficient, but it will soon be increased, together with the price, and meantime your window is facing due south!"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The Bystander IN PARIS

"HOW TO KEEP WARM" *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

LAST evening we have gone to a café concert of Montmartre because there one is heated. It is so that the theatres and music-halls advertise themselves now in Paris. One does not any more make a great *affiche* at the door that here such a one sings and the charming *danseuse* so-and-so dances. One puts at the door a big sign: "Café concert; the hall is well warm."

IT was because we have seen the sign that we have gone, and there has been a man who has sung a song all in one note very sad that the life was very miserable. One went to the school and was beaten till one learned one's lesson, and then one worked every day to make enough money to live, one loved and the beloved married another one, perhaps one married and the children had always the whooping cough, and then one grew old and ugly, all the time after one is forty one just goes on growing old and ugly and not of any more use, and every winter it is colder than the last winter *et patati et patata*.

WHEN he was finished his song he has asked: "Is there anyone who still wishes to remain in this very miserable world?" and there has been only one little boy who has had so much courage to say, "*Oui, Moi.*"

AND when we have come home and found how the *chauffage central* does not again work because there is so little coal, and we have burned all our wood and the little coal we have in our cellar is only black stones we have felt how it was quite true that we did not wish any more to stay in so miserable a place. Then Lucile has had the good thought when she was got into bed, and has said: "Agnès, there is one thing of which one can thank *le bon Dieu*."

"What is that?" I have asked. "That the month of November goes to finish itself," she has replied.

IT is true. That is a thing for which one can have a great thankfulness. Look you every day it has rained and been fog when it has not snowed, and there has been snow like in the Alps, except that always the next day it was melted and one drowned the boots in the mud. Never has been so miserable a time as in this horrible November, when we have not had enough coal, so that sometimes the gas and the electric light are gone out, even when one has made a party to dinner and one has finished the dinner with the light of some little *bougies* and a lamp of petrol.

"A man who has sung a song all in one note very sad"

THERE is every day only one thing to do to keep warm, and that is to dance. If one will say to you that Paris is become again very gay and dances all the afternoon and the night, you should say, "Oh, no, it is not of gaiety that it dances, it is to keep the feet warm." It is for everyone a thing impossible to stay in the home, unless perhaps one is of the family of a *charbonnier*, because of our saving of wood and coal already there is so little left, and one has yet four months of the winter before the buds will come on the chestnut trees of the Champs-Élysées.

"At the door a big sign . . . . 'The hall is well warm'"

AND so we dance. Every afternoon the *thés tangos* are quite filled, and if there are not enough men, because, as I have explained before in my letter, there is a *crise* of men, then the girls dance together. And in the evening again it must be the dance if one will keep the blood to circulate. And of that is again a new trial because

"THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS" (*concluded*)

it is the fashion that one wears in the evening so small a frock. It is often my wish that one had again the big crinoline of the little *jupe panier*, because then one could wear so many petticoats of red flannel like the old women in the country who are not elegant, but they are warm. And one's back! The gentlemen who complain how it is cold have not any little idea how it is when one does not have any back to the dress and one takes off one's fur cloak to make one's entry into the ballroom. It is of all the so miserable moments of the day for me the worst except when one must get out of bed on the days when the *chauffage* does not march.

BUT, you know, the French people is a funny people. Though it is that everyone is so cold and is quite convinced in the head that the life is not worth living, as the man at the café concert has sung, everyone goes on just the same. I have regarded how it was one evening when we have gone to a *soirée de gala* at a great hall with Frédéric and Marcel. I am of this certain that if one had asked the question of the man of the café concert, if everyone was content to remain in the world they would all have said, "To be logical and speak the truth quite naked, 'No,' but the life you know it is not the logic, and it is not always the truth," and then everyone would have danced harder than ever to make that they should enjoy themselves.

"REGARD, for example, those ones over there," Marcel has said. "They have forgotten to *déjeuner* one is quite certain, and because the dinner is dear they have made it of *croissants* in a bar and saved the money to come and dance. Listen how they laugh louder than any and they dance the gayest. And that one! One is certain how he is a *père de famille*, whose wife keeps all his money. But he has touched a winner at Auteuil and see how he enjoys himself."

"The little jupe panier"

"BUT he cheats his wife, Marcel," I have said. But Marcel is very much French. "*Que voulez vous?*" he has said. "She knows that he cheats her, but she is content because to-morrow he will be in a better temper. *Ma chère* regard! Everyone here, everyone in Paris, everyone in the world is cheating someone else or himself. It is only so that one is happy, and he is happiest who cheats only himself."

"We have burned all the wood"

MES AMIS, I do not recommend the philosophy of Marcel, but I do so wish that I could cheat myself that my fingers were warm.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

Superstitions—No. 1

Sensible proceeding of falling gent—touching wood, that his hope of alighting on a soft spot may be realised

BY HEATH ROBINSON

POLITICS: Carsonism

By "FITZWILLIAM"

THE historian of the year 2000, when he comes to analyse the Irish question, will find Sir Edward Carson's rôle more puzzling than that of the obvious figures, such as Mr. De Valera, or Parnell. He may be tempted to put him down as an epileptic partisan ready to "die in the last ditch," while "damning the consequences." That historian would be superficial, for such a man does not make twenty thousand a year at the Bar; the Bar demands more than the frenzy of a mad bull.

⁂ ⁂

IN reality, Sir Edward Carson shows himself as English as he is Irish; he has never taken on a task he did not think he could practically execute. When he called Ulster to arms, he was free from the lyricism of d'Annunzio at Fiume. For reasons that he thought solid, he considered that violent action should be taken, and he took it. I am one of those who think he took the wrong action, but I am not going to pretend that he took it superficially and hysterically.

⁂ ⁂

IF Sir Edward Carson is misunderstood, it is, perhaps, because he does not respect the Saxon prejudice in favour of leaving things unsaid. He says what he means about as clearly as a 4.5 inch shell explains its business. A number of extracts from his speeches can be found in an interesting book, called "The Grammar of Anarchy" (Nisbet, 1s. net). It is not surprising that the Saxon should be surprised. Here are some:—

At Liverpool, November 25, 1910: "He would have welcomed a war of argument, but he was not a Cabinet Minister, paid £5,000 a year to spit out dirt by the yard . . . Mr. Asquith was told by Mr. Redmond, 'On the knee, you dog!' and they were threatened with the entry of four hundred scabs and blacklegs into the Lords."

At the Albert Hall, June 14, 1912: "The Government last night declared war against Ulster, and have announced that the only solution of this question is to drive them out of a community in which they are satisfied into a community which they loathe, hate and detest. We will accept the declaration of war."

At Coleraine, September 21, 1912: "In the event of this proposed Parliament being thrust upon us, we solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves not to recognise its authority. . . . I do not care twopence whether it is treason or not."

At the St. James's Theatre, May 21, 1914: "I am not sorry for the armed drilling of those who are opposed to me in Ireland. I certainly have no right to complain of it; I started that with my own friends. I was told at the time that I was looking for revolution two and a half or three years ahead. I was very glad. I did not mind that. We are quite ready, and we mean to go on and be more ready."

⁂ ⁂

THIS sort of thing is not lacking in lucidity, though it is only fair to say that Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Bonar Law, Captain Craig, etc., expressed themselves almost as forcibly. What have been its effects? My own feeling is that Carsonism has done harm to the community, because it has lowered the prestige of Parliament, which, heaven knows! was quite low enough. When, as a result of this propaganda, we find General Gough and fifty-seven officers of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, if given the alternative, were ready to resign rather than march on Ulster, all one can say is that Carsonism did no good to the discipline of the Army. Moreover (and Sir Edward acknowledged it), force breeds force. The Ulster volunteers were soon confronted with the National Volunteers; hence the rise of Sinn Fein.

ZOO-MECHANICS!

THE BISHOP: "Your auntie tells me that you are doing well at school, Ronald. Now, can you tell me why a camel can travel so long without water?"

RONALD (*who has been to the Motor Show*): "I couldn't say, sir—unless it's air-cooled!"

⁂ ⁂

BUT Carsonism has spread beyond Ireland, because it has demonstrated to everybody that if you don't like a thing, and are strong enough, Parliament will give in. The soldiers who early this year created demobilisation riots . . . and got their own way, had learnt the lesson. The lightning strikers during the War . . . who got their own way, had learnt the lesson. Everybody has learnt that Parliament is a poor thing that can be bullied as easily by a hundred thousand tongues as by five thousand bayonets.

Which does not mean that Sir Edward Carson's cause is bad. His methods may be bad, but any sensible person will be as reluctant to force Irish rule upon Ulster as he should be reluctant to maintain English rule over the rest of Ireland. To that much Sir Edward's propaganda has wakened us: it is a service of some value.

Un-Parliamentary Portraits—No. 1 "Ulster"

THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD H. CARSON, K.C., M.P.

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

After Shopping —a Mustard Bath

IT'S a new pleasure in life. That delightful feeling of invigoration after a day's shopping. As you get into your Mustard Bath the physical comfort is so complete you seem to have acquired a new body. Your evening's engagements at once become attractive because you know you will be "at your best."

"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

Colman's Bath Mustard

Use Colman's Bath Mustard especially put up for the bath. Or simply take two or three tablespoonfuls of ordinary Colman's Mustard; mix it with a little cold water and stir it round in your bath.

An interesting booklet by Raymona Blathwayt will be sent free of charge on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.

Monte Carlo while you Wait

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

I. The Mascot and the "Biffay."

"I SAY, some one's been playing a practical joke on you!" announced the man christened by his club the Professional Pessimist. He had a sallow face, concave all but the black brows and a hook nose. His name was John Coneybeare. No one had ever called him "Jack."

Glancing at the "Personal" column of *The Times*, his long forefinger marked a paragraph half-way down.

The man addressed—a slim Charles Hawtrey, of twenty-eight—sauntered over from the window with a bored yet beatific air. Whereupon Coneybeare read the advertisement aloud.

"Sir Berrian and Lady Borrodaile will be pleased to receive six paying guests at their beautifully appointed villa at Monte Carlo, on and after December 15th. Journey out and Riviera trips can be made by motor. Ladies and gentlemen interested in the noble game of roulette preferred. Instruction given how to play unbreakable systems; each temperament suited. Inclusive charges twenty-five guineas weekly. Replies to Box X 101, *The Times*."

"Oh, that's not a joke," said Borrodaile. "That's dead earnest. I put in the 'ad.' First appeared this morning."

"But—there's no Lady Borrodaile! Your mother's not living, and your wife——"

"Is born, though not yet married."

"And you haven't a motor, have you?"

"No. But lots of my friends have."

"Hm! Nor a villa at Monte Carlo?"

"Not at present. But it's only November 15th; the 'ad.' says *December* 15th."

Conybeare gazed at Borrodaile gloomily. "I dislike slang," he remarked. "But the one expression which occurs to me is, 'are you "bunny on the umph"?'"

"Not bunny," the other amended mildly. "Of course, I'm mad. Every one worth knowing is mad. I'm worth knowing."

"I wonder if your paying guests will think so, at twenty-five guineas a week?"

"No doubt of it. The higher the charge, the more they'll think of me. Why, I've had twenty-nine applications for the privilege already—by wire, post, and messenger. I've picked four from the bunch. That leaves two vacancies. Like to fill one? If so, speak in time. My wife will be charmed——"

"When you get her!"

"I shall get her while you wait. Villa at Monte Carlo same way. You see, the villa hangs on the girl—figuratively speaking. Both *did* hang on the success of the 'ad,' for she and I are stoney. But I *knew* it couldn't miss fire! What with my little old title and systems, her villa, and your car——"

"My car!"

"In case you join us, I mean. If not, somebody else's. I daresay you noticed that I offer to suit systems to temperaments? Well, having secured four twenty-fives weekly, the scheme's a going concern, so we don't need you financially, old Thing. But I have a system born for your temperament!"

"You forget, my poor young babbler, that I'm a mathematician," Coneybeare pitied him. "The only system at roulette to suit my temperament is an infallible one. I might find that in Heaven, if they gamble there."

"Monte Carlo is pretty near Paradise. And the system I've selected for you *is* infallible. I defy you, or any other mathematician, to find a flaw in it!"

"Rot, dear boy!"

"I tell you it's not rot. Look here, I'll make you this offer. Be the fifth in our party. Lend us your car. It will take four with small luggage comfortably. Stay with us three weeks. Give my 'Biffer' a fair test with patience and capital. You've plenty of both."

"Your Biffay? What's that?" (Coneybeare had many accomplishments, but no French.)

"Come and see. That's my proposal. And if playing three hours a day, six days of the week, for three weeks with louis units, you haven't made at least a thousand pounds, you can have your three weeks for nothing. If you've made twice that or more, you go halves with me, and share your fortune with the Roc Azur."

Coneybeare brightened in spite of himself. "Roc Azur?" he echoed.

"The name of the villa. I don't mind explaining to you, though I wouldn't to strangers, that my father-in-law (that is, he would have been if he weren't dead) bought 'Roc Azur,' close to Monte, for a song, because it was supposed to be haunted.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

That was before the war, when people could afford to be particular, and drew the social line at ghosts. He was a doctor, and meant to get rich quick, turning the house into a swell sanatorium. Being Irish he hadn't looked ahead, but when he'd paid out every penny he could raise he discovered that he'd not be allowed to practise as a doctor in Monaco unless he'd studied for years and passed exams. in France or Italy. Then the war broke out, so he couldn't sell the villa, and that busted him. I didn't know Rosaleen then. Met her at Boulogne in hospital. She was a V.A.D. Love at first sight. But both broke to the world. Wasn't till we were demobbed that I had this glorious inspiration."

"I remember now, you used to gas about wonderful systems you'd invented or dug up——"

"Well, I perfected some of them in dug-outs! Ask Emma."

"But, frankly, I thought you a young ass!"

"King Midas had asses' ears. He was the richest man of his day."

At this moment a club servant appeared with the news that Sir Berrian Borrodaile was wanted at the telephone.

"It'll be another candidate," he said confidently. "Or else Miss Malone. I asked her to call me up about six. *Au 'voir*, Coney."

"Stop!" cried the Professional Pessimist. "Wait a second. I may be prepared to accept your sporting offer——"

"With your Rolls-Royce? I consider you one and indivisible."

"Well—Yes."

"Good egg! Then that's that. Now I must sprint, or they'll cut me off."

* * * * * *

The girl at the other end of the wire (Rosaleen Malone) was one of those Irish Adorables with skin of cream and roses, sea-blue eyes that look smoke-blue through lashes, and black hair which firelight haloes red.

She would have liked being alone to talk with "Berry." But she was acting as secretary ("just a few notes, my dear, and it doesn't matter your not knowing how to type or do shorthand") to a f–f–fearfully rich sewing-machine widow from New York. The telephone was in that lady's private sitting-room at Claridge's, so the mistress of it couldn't well be turned out, and from Miss Malone's replies it was easy for a quick-witted woman to "get on" to the secret. It was a secret, because Rosaleen hadn't mentioned Berry's plan to Mrs. Leon Phillips. This for two reasons. One was that, after taking up the work, she'd suspected rather an odd thing. Berry had met Eve Phillips in Paris during the war. She was doing what she called "war work." They had known each other quite well, and afterwards Mrs. Phillips had come to London. It was there Berry had confided to her that he was engaged. The lady had been very sympathetic and asked to meet the girl. Rosaleen had felt at loose ends on being demobbed, and had snapped at the secretaryship. The offer seemed *so* kind! But by and by she wondered if it really was *quite* so kind.

Well, that was one reason why Rosaleen hadn't mentioned the plan. The other was simpler. It mightn't succeed; in that case, there'd be no Lady Borrodaile—at all events, not till the next inspiration—and as Mrs. Phillips didn't see *The Times*, she might remain for ever in blissful ignorance.

You couldn't see Eve's ears under her auburn hair, but they were not deafened by their brilliant covering. Behind the girl's back she began to look as her original namesake might have looked had she bitten the serpent instead of the apple; for she had mentally annexed Sir Berrian.

"You and Sir Berrian are going to be married at once?" she asked, as Miss Malone hung up the receiver.

This called for an explanation. Mrs. Phillips composed herself, and inquired about the villa. Rosaleen had never seen it. A caretaker lived there. Yes, there was some furniture. Poor Dad bought it a bargain. She feared it wasn't up to much.

"But you tell me the advertisement says 'beautifully appointed,'" said Mrs. Phillips.

"Yes; Berry's so optimistic!"

"And you've only the one borrowed car! That wouldn't seat more than four passengers nicely. With six guests and our two selves there'll be eight. My dear, I must be your guardian angel! I offer myself as sixth guest. I'll lend you the lovely furniture from my Paris apartment. I'll wire for it to be sent at once, and you shall have my servants, too. They'll be charmed to live at Monte Carlo. And I'll contribute my car. What do you say?"

What could Miss Malone say?

"'Phone again to Sir Berrian," Mrs. Phillips commanded. "Tell him of my offer and that it's all settled."

It was.

Berrian had not known what a good sort Eve Phillips was! Over the 'phone he requested Rosaleen to express his gratitude in warmest terms. Rosaleen did, with mental reservations.

"Why?" she was wondering. "Why? . . . But anyhow, we shall be *married*. There's one comfort; she can't upset that! So what does she mean to upset?"

There are a great many apples in an apple-cart. To upset *en masse* is to upset individually.

Borrodaile rushed to the Ritz to thank the self-appointed guardian angel. That furniture at Roc Azur—or the lack of it—had been secretly worrying him as well as Rosaleen. The servant question also. But catching the hare—the paying-guest hare—was the thing. He'd trusted to luck for the rest.

Naturally, when she had offered so much, and all had been accepted, Mrs. Phillips might expect to have her advice accepted, too.

"You see, dear people," she explained, "your scheme has become *my* scheme. And I do want it to succeed. Sir Berrian, you'll *have* to run down to Monte in advance to see to things; that my furniture and my servants safely arrive; that your garden's not a wilderness, and all that."

There was wisdom in this counsel. Borrodaile

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

suggested immediate marriage and the business trip as a honeymoon. He and Rosaleen would return to London in time for the start *en auto*. But Mrs. Phillips pointed out that this would never do. Rosaleen, as hostess at Roc Azur, must have plenty of pretty clothes. Once she got to work at putting the villa to rights there'd be no time to think of them. Something would happen to prevent the return. The guests' trip by car could not take place. The whole plan would fall to pieces. Whereas, if Rosaleen stopped in London, Mrs. Phillips would give the trousseau. Sir Berrian would come back for his bride, and all would be well.

Eventually the guardian angel had her way.

By this time she had learned the names and addresses of her fellow-guests. When Borrodaile had departed for his dash to the South of France, Mrs. Phillips gave birth to a charming idea. She would invite these people to dine at the Ritz, and introduce them to the future Lady Borrodaile.

Rosaleen ungratefully argued against this. The advertisement had been in the name of Sir Berrian and Lady Borrodaile. She hadn't wanted it, but Berry had insisted, otherwise no woman would answer the "ad." By having a quiet wedding they hoped strangers would take it for granted that they had been married for some time.

"Dear me! I never thought of that!" said Eve. "I've wired every one already to save you writing invitations to 'meet' yourself. So it's too late. Surely it doesn't matter!"

All five accepted; even the Professional Pessimist of the Hermit Club. Besides John Coneybeare, there were Mrs. Thorne—pale, pretty Althea Thorne, who wrote occult poems and novels—to whom roulette appealed because of it's esoteric mystery; Mr. James Riddle, a solicitor from Streatham, who had wanted through all his fifty years of life to see Monte Carlo, and now could do it because "the wife" thought he needed a holiday; gorgeous Mrs. Macadean, of Strathrey Castle, Argyllshire, whose father had made a fortune in jute; and Major Lloyd, a demobilized Welsh V.C.

Mrs. Phillip's champagne was perfect, and the dinner a sparkling success. They chattered of what they knew and what they didn't know about roulette, luck, systems, mascots, etc.

"The best mascot of all, alas, we shan't have!" said Eve. "We women of the party are married, or widows. There should be a *girl*. Even the *least* superstitious gambler knows that! The idea's as old as the earliest magicians, who could perform no miracles without the aid, conscious or unconscious, of a *maiden*. Nowadays, the great punters who've taken immense sums from Monte Carlo and other gambling places have been helped by a *girl*. If only Miss Malone would stay Miss Malone for our sakes and the sake of her fiancé's systems, how we should *bless* her! I vote we sign a round robin to that effect and send it to Sir Berrian Borrodaile.

"I think Berry has faith enough in his systems without such a mascot," said Rosaleen.

And so, of course, he had. But fate and Mrs. Phillips were against him. Mrs. Phillips had already written instructions to her *chef*. Now she wired him the one word "Disappear."

Berry found that without her furniture and pictures Roc Azur would have been a rock of desolation. With them, and her perfectly trained servants, no one could help being pleased. Borrodaile had prepared to leave Monte Carlo just in time to get a special licence, when—the *chef* vanished. He had only, as it turned out, gone to the suburbs of Nice, where illicit roulette was played on the "cheap." But it took three days to find out that he had not been murdered and return him intact to the kitchen. By the time Borrodaile reached London it was too late to be married and start the trip on the date appointed. Berry proposed postponing the trip, but the party struck. It was bad luck to postpone plans. No system could stand against it. *They* proposed postponing the marriage instead. Why shouldn't the wedding take place at Monte Carlo? There were three chaperons for Miss Malone.

"You see, dear people . . . . Your scheme has become my scheme," she explained.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

"But who'll be hostess at Roc Azur? A girl can't," said Berry.

"*I'll* play hostess," offered Mrs. Phillips, and in the deep gaze she turned upon the host he seemed to see as in a magic crystal, piles of beautiful furniture, cracked walls covered with pictures, cupboards full of charming china and glass, also four indispensable French servants.

At the same instant, and in the same glittering crystal, Rosaleen saw that apple-cart being upset——

* * * * *

Miss Malone and Berrian Borrodaile travelled to Monte Carlo in different cars, Rosaleen in Coneybeare's Rolls-Royce with the owner and Mrs. Thorne; also Major Lloyd, who thought Miss Malone the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. The others went in Mrs. Phillips' Lanchester.

Coneybeare, who always saw the sad side of things for himself and the world in general, could see the comic side of his friends' misfortunes. He saw Mrs. Phillips' game, and would have been readier to bet on its ultimate success than on that of Berry's boasted systems.

"Her luck holds so far," he thought, "and a run of it can be counted on with mathematical precision, because she knows what she'll do next; which a roulette-wheel doesn't."

He expected to enjoy his visit to Roc Azur, even if the "Biffay" let him down the first day—as it probably would.

The weather favoured Sir Berrian's scheme, if nothing else did. The two cars had a gorgeous spin. At walled Avignon the travellers got their first soft breath of the South. After that, they spun along white roads with strange cliffs and ruined castles of Provence, cut amethyst dark against blue skies. Avoiding the traffic of Marseilles, they slipped through historic Aix-en-Provence, where King René's fountains still flash; so on through Clemenceau's country; then to the romance that lurks among the Mountains of the Moors, with their Gustave Doré peaks and armoured cork-trees; the red and pine-clad beauty of the Esterels, with the azure sea creaming on crimson rocks. At last, gay Nice and —Monte Carlo.

* * * * *

The villa was a square, white barrack, but with a splendid view over the Bay of Hercules. The olive-trees in the terraced garden softened its hardness, with a jade and silver effect; and Mrs. Phillips' belongings formed the "beautiful appointments."

"Now we'll have the wedding as soon as maybe," Borrodaile said, when the guests had been given their rooms.

"As soon as maybe means the end of the season," Eve capped him, daring to show her hand, backed up by her own Lares and Penates. "I came down here, my dear boy, to play hostess, *not* to play second fiddle. Rosaleen is our mascot, and our mascot she shall remain. Otherwise——"

"Otherwise—what?" Berry wanted to know.

"Otherwise I go back to Paris *at once* and take everything that's mine. Where will you be then?"

"Up the spout, I suppose. But Rosaleen would be there with me."

"And nobody else. Furniture can't be bought with love, and I understand you've no money. Every one would leave; in vulgar words, the show would 'bust.'"

"I'm damned——" Berry began. But Rosaleen, who was present at the interview, cut him short. "No, don't be damned, dearest," she soothed him. "Let's play this game on *her* system for awhile. Later we'll see how *yours* works."

The girl had a plan of her own, suddenly evolved. But—it depended upon the Pessimist and "Biffay." She told it to Berry; and, heartened once more, he plunged into instructing Coneybeare.

This is how he ground "Biffay" into the pessimistic head:

"Don't spring to conclusions and think I mean to spoof you with a dangerous 'Martingale' that runs you up to the maximum in ten losing *coups*, when I say you can make the bank pay you a louis (or whatever unit you choose) every time the roulette-wheel spins.

"You haven't played at Monte, but as a mathetician you've tried all the chances of roulette. You know there are as many black as red numbers of the thirty-six on the wheel and that, except for zero, if you bet on red or black you ought on the average to 'guess right' as often as the bank; say, fifty times right in a hundred *coups* and fifty times wrong. Well, in this game which I give you as a tribute to your patience, *sang froid* and the capital you're willing to risk (five thousand units), every winning bet is automatically two units higher than every losing one. Therefore your object of winning one unit (in your case a louis) for each spin of the wheel is accomplished when you've won the same number of bets that you've lost; though you can win a good sum by virtue of this progression long before you've equalised up your bets. And there's no danger of reaching the maximum even with a long run of bad luck, which you're bound to have sometimes.

"We're still talking of the progression, or the stakes you play. Later, I'll tell you the manner of 'attack' I think best for the 'Biffer' system; that is, the rules which will guide you in putting money on a particular colour.

"Now we'll say you begin. You stake a louis. If you win, you stake a louis again, and continue doing the same till your first loss. When you make that, you put on three louis next time. If you win, you've done the trick, and you go back to your stake of one. If you lose, you don't increase your stake as you did after the first loss, but go on playing three louis each *losing* coup. As soon as you win one stake of three louis, you cross out with your roulette pencil the first stake of *one* louis you lost. The winning three thus cancels the original loss of one. If you have lost several threes, and have them to cancel, you begin after that *first* three won, to play a stake of five. You go on doing this till *all* the lost threes are erased. But, almost surely you'll

Concluded on page 916

What I Think About It

By "Manager"

My only excuse for occupying the columns of THE BYSTANDER is that, as the responsible head of a concern with an annual turnover of £250,000, I thought that many readers would be interested in my opinion upon that much-discussed subject, Pelmanism. I possess no literary "style," but I trust that plain speaking in every-day language will make amends for my lack of eloquence.

To be quite candid, I hate "stunts" and "crazes," and it was in that category that I placed Pelmanism when I first heard and read about it. I dare say there are many sound business men who have summarily dismissed it from their minds as being merely "another advertising stunt."

Probably I should never have changed my opinion had not circumstances forced me to make closer acquaintance with Pelmanism.

Without ever having won my way to any considerable position in the business world, I was yet fairly content with my modest progress. Suddenly, however, through pressure of external circumstances, I found myself in difficulties—difficulties so great that I clutched even at straws in the hope of deliverance. It was in this mood of semi-desperation that I said to myself, "Let's see if there *is* anything in this Pelmanism idea."

LOOKING BACKWARD

Looking back on that period of trouble, doubt, delay, and scepticism, I am forced to laugh and to wonder at my unwillingness to inquire into a thing because it was new—*and advertised*. But I know I am not unique in this: I am by no means the first or the only man who, having scoffed at Pelmanism, has subsequently taken the Course and has thanked his stars that he did so.

"Is Pelmanism worth while?"—Yes, most emphatically. As the typewriter is to the quill pen, and as the motor-car is to the donkey "shay," so is the Pelman-trained mind in comparison with the untrained mind. It is a case of trained efficiency versus rule-o'-thumb.

And I say this not only because I have in my own case experienced such tremendous advantages as the result of Pelmanising (my income is over six times what it was before I began my study of the "little grey books"), but also because I have observed what the Course has done for other business men. (And not only business men, but professional men, too. I know a professional man who declares that the Pelman books are worth their weight in gold to him!)

In fact, carefully reviewing the matter, I think I may commit myself to the statement that I have yet to meet the man or woman who, having conscientiously followed the Pelman Course, has failed to benefit thereby.

AN IMPORTANT POINT

I say "conscientiously"; and here is a point upon which I must make myself quite clear. The mere fact of entering your name upon the Pelman register does not automatically make you a success; you have got to *work* at the Course. It is a pleasant enough study, not in the least tedious or difficult, but you must work at it seriously. If you are not prepared to do this you may as well save yourself the trouble of enrolling. On the other hand, if you feel disposed to give up an occasional half-hour to a most interesting study of self and possibilities, then I say, without hesitation, the sooner you enrol for the Pelman Course the better for your pocket, the better for your business, and the better for your interest and pleasure in life.

Business need was the motive that led me to take up the Course, but I can truthfully say that Pelmanism has entered largely into all phases of my life. I am, of course, very sensible of what I owe to it in the monetary sense, for it has made financial difficulties a thing of the past. In business it has developed in me powers of decision, concentration, discernment, and judgment which have proved invaluable; yet higher than these I am disposed to rate the added interest it has given to my whole life.

It is not easy to express this feeling; here is where I feel the need of eloquence. But I think the average reader will understand what I mean when I say I feel a better and a *bigger* man; I get more out of everything; I *see* more; I *feel* more.

I suppose the handiest comparison I can make would be with a man who was purblind and whose perfect sight was suddenly restored. To such a man the world becomes much more vivid and real and delightful; whole hosts of new interests and pleasures are suddenly brought within his grasp.

Often and often, sitting alone with the "little grey books"—which I still read and re-read, by the way—I have exclaimed with positive delight at some sudden clarifying thought or idea. Every now and again I came upon something which explained an old puzzling difficulty, opened up a train of new ideas, revealed new sources of power, disclosed new possibilities, suggested new and better ways of doing things.

I had always been vain enough to consider myself a "brainy" man, but now I realise that although I had brains I did not know how to use them; hence my past comparative failure; hence my present success.

DRIVE OR BE DRIVEN

There is a whole world of difference between *driving* a motor-car and being *driven* in one; equally, there is a vast difference between *creating* circumstances and being the *creature* of circumstance. If we were disposed to be candid with ourselves, I believe the majority of us would recognise the alarming extent to which our plans and actions are decided or modified by "circumstances over which we have no control." A very humiliating position, that, and a very unnecessary one, as Pelmanism shows. If only by reason of what the Course does in the way of enabling students to master circumstances, Pelmanism would richly deserve all that its most enthusiastic supporters say in its praise.

The matter, to my mind, is always best considered by the light of actual experience, and when I compare my haphazard method of working in my pre-Pelman days with my present planned and organised progress, I feel well content with my experiment. The discipline of the Course has in my case proved of inestimable worth; and I am pretty confident that even the most successful and able business men would find it add considerably to their power.

LONG MENTAL LIFE

That brings me to another point—or rather a *belief*. (I say "belief" because I have no actual facts that can be quoted.) I believe that a Pelman Course will do very much to prolong one's mental activities. I was over 40 when I commenced to study it, but I can honestly say that it has so increased my mental energy that, mentally, I am as young and vigorous as at 30. I should be interested to know if the experiences of others tally with my own. If so—and I believe they would—this training is worthy the serious consideration of men and women well past middle life; for who is there who would not give much to preserve youthfulness of mind long after youthfulness of body is past.

However, I am no lover of theory, and there is enough of interesting fact about Pelmanism to enable me to dispense with theory. I have stated as plainly as I possibly can what the effects and results of the training have been in my case, and I leave it to every reader to weigh the thing from his own particular stand-point.*

* "*Mind and Memory*," *which contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the Pelman Course, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of* THE BYSTANDER *who applies to the Pelman Institute,* 27, *Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.* 1. *Write or Call to-day.*

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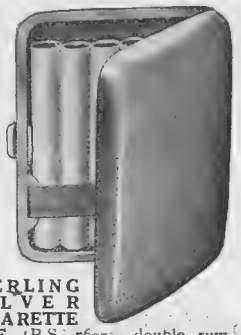

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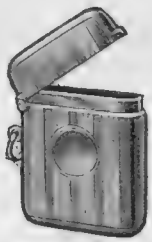

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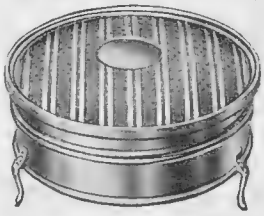

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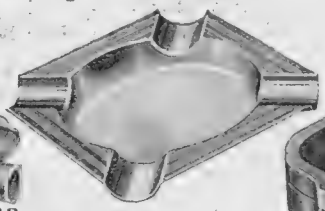

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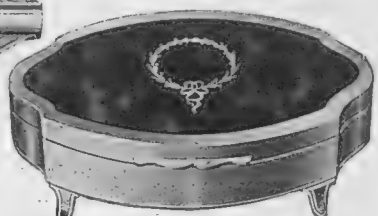

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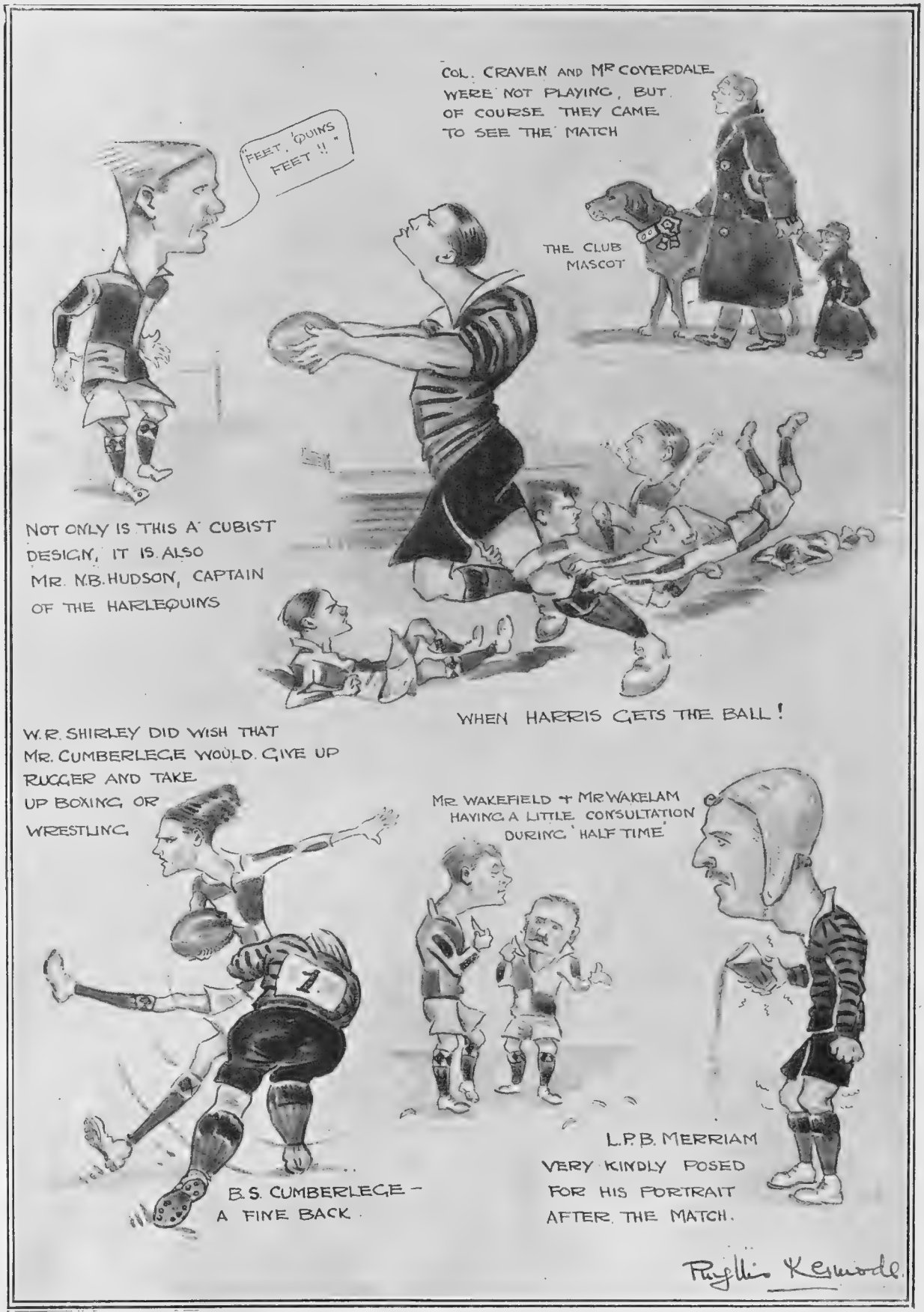
Neat Enough!

WILLIE: "I say, dad, what's a paradox?"
DAD: "A paradox, my son, is a woman who wears silk stockings, and tries to keep it a secret"

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

Old Rugger Rivalries Revived



BLACKHEATH v. HARLEQUINS

Those who cried "Ichabod" when they saw the Harlequins play at the beginning of the season, have since had occasion to repent of this criticism, for the "'Quins" are now a side to be reckoned with. They gave their old opponents, Blackheath, quite a good game in their recent encounter on the Rectory Field, though beaten in the end by 15 points to 0

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Sports and Pastimes

GEORGES CARPENTIER

Who on Thursday last beat Joe Beckett in their match for the Boxing Championship of Europe

BOXING

The Big Fight

THE result of last week's big fight only serves to emphasise the fact, far too often forgotten, especially where heavy-weights are concerned, that boxing is first and foremost a matter of science and skill. For weeks before the fight came off the chances of the two rivals were discussed over and over again, and as time went on more and more importance was attached to that comparative table of weights and measures, which showed that Beckett was the heavier, more muscular, and probably in every respect the stronger man. Much was made, too, of the way in which he knocked his sparring partners about, of his dourness, his confidence in his ability to take as well as to give punishment, and so on, until by the time the fateful day arrived there were plenty of people who laid odds on his winning. The fight revealed that as a boxer he is not in the same class with Carpentier. He had never before encountered anyone with the science, the brains, and the lightning-like speed of the Frenchman, and the ease with which he was beaten shows that in the ring great physical strength without the ability to use it counts for nothing. And, after all, if boxing were a mere matter of brute force it would not be the fine sport that it is.

JOE BECKETT

Who was knocked out by Carpentier in the first round. The Prince of Wales witnessed the fight and after it was over shook hands with both the men

BILLIARDS

Inman's Exit

IT can hardly be expected that Melbourne Inman will find many supporters in the attitude which he has recently adopted in connection with the Billiards Championship. For his refusal to enter for that event he gives two reasons; the first is that he ought not to be called on to "play through," and the second is that a larger hall ought to have been chosen. As a sort of rider to the first reason he adds that although he "played through" on the last occasion, he was promised by the Billiards Association and Control Club that he would not be called upon to do so next time. As a matter of fact, I have it on good authority that no such promise was made; nor is there anything in the

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

contention that because the champion used to stand out he should continue to do so.

The Real Reason

HOWEVER, this first reason is hardly worth discussing, because it is fairly obvious that it is not the real one. Later on in his manifesto he says, "Had a larger hall been selected for the venue I might have waived all other objections and fallen into line." A larger hall means the possibility (at any rate) of a bigger "gate," and, consequently, of larger profits. So it simply comes to this, that Inman is not satisfied with what his share of the profits is likely to be, and is, in fact, sticking out for more money. He wants, in fact, to play for the championship on his own terms and not on the terms offered by the B.A. and C.C.

A Miss-Fire

FROM the fact that he even refuses to relinquish the title of champion, and to give up the cup that goes with it, one would infer that he regards himself as a second John Roberts, or, at any rate, as a big enough man to imitate the methods of his great predecessor. But he forgets that the days when the big man in any game could impose his will upon those who were supposed to control its affairs have long since gone by, and are not likely to return. As it is, his manifesto has missed fire rather badly, and in the manner of his exit from the field of the Championship he has certainly not added to his prestige.

HOCKEY

The Four-Half-Back Formation

I SEE that the old discussion about the playing of four half-backs and no goal-keeper, instead of the customary formation, is being revived with some vigour. I quite agree that this practice is very apt to spoil the game, but there is no ground whatever for the alarm which has been evinced in the Press at its adoption by one or two clubs, or for the suggestion that it should be barred by legislation. This is based on an entire misconception.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A GOOD SAVE

M. L. Pool, the Middlesex goal-keeper, stopping a shot in the County Hockey Match between Surrey and Middlesex at Richmond last Wednesday, won by Surrey by 3 goals to 1. S. H. Shoveller, the English International, who captained Surrey, is seen advancing to renew the attack

IT is, of course, nonsense to say that the customary formation is adopted by the majority of sides because "it makes the best game." The reason why it is customary to play three halves, two backs, and a goal-keeper is that experience has proved this formation to be the most effective. It is the formation which pays best. If it paid to dispense with a goal-keeper, and to play four half-backs the practice would be very much more common, for, after all, the main object which a team has in view is to beat the other side. But the four-half-back game, in itself, does not pay. It is a makeshift to which teams have recourse only when they are driven to it.

Much Ado About Nothing

THEY are driven to it when there does not happen to be anyone in the club who can keep goal. The goalkeeper is *the* specialist of the side, and to play a man in goal who is not used to keeping goal is simply a waste of man-power. If no goal-keeper is forthcoming it pays better to dispense with one, rather than put in a sort of dummy, and to play three backs or four halves. This is the utmost extent to which the four-half-back game can be said to pay. I am confident that any side which could play a reasonably capable goalkeeper would be making a mistake if it shelved him in order to have an extra man in the half-back line.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Topical*

THE CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS

This race was rowed at Ely last Wednesday and was won by "B" crew, stroked by R. C. Barrett of First Trinity, by 2½ lengths from "A" crew, stroked by F. E. Lawson Johnson, of Third Trinity. Our photo shows the crews completely rowed out after the finish

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TALLY-HO, AWAY! THE HURSLEY HOUNDS AND THEIR HUNTSMAN, TED BAILEY
This pack is showing good sport in Hampshire under the Mastership of Mr. H. Johnson By Lionel Edwards

By Field, Stream and Covert

L'Affaire Whaddon Chase

I am curious to see how the meeting of the landowners, farmers, and subscribers of the Whaddon Chase Hunt, which Lord Lincolnshire has called for next week, will go. Will Lieut.-Colonel Selby Lowndes win the day, or will there be overwhelming support for the old Hunt Committee, who have formed a new pack under Lord Dalmeny's Mastership? The voting is to be done by ballot, so we are likely to get an impartial demonstration of the true opinion of the country regarding this very delicate dispute. The affair is unprecedented in hunting annals, so far as my memory takes me. Usually, when a hunting country has not been run to the satisfaction of the majority of subscribers, a change of control has been arranged, and there the matter has ended. But in the Vale of Aylesbury an absolute deadlock has occurred, and even the M.F.H. Association, which is the M.C.C. or the Jockey Club of foxhunting, has confessed itself unable to adjust a dispute in which one party absolutely declines to submit the questions at issue to arbitration.

Good December Sport

December opened well for sport, and many good gallops have been chronicled from various countries. Last week the Quorn had a very fine run from the covert known as The Curate. The Cottesmore, too, did remarkably well after meeting at Owston Wood, and in the course of their afternoon run from Knossington Spinney, they made a point of six miles. In the Duke of Beaufort's country hounds have several times run with great resolution this season, notably from Shipton Wood a few days ago, when they made an eight-mile point in just over an hour—a smart achievement. The Warwickshire, which have a big following this season, have also had some excellent days. Some of the Yorkshire packs have shown first-rate gallops, and, altogether the, quality of the sport so far this season does not give much cause for complaint.

A GREAT SOLDIER-SPORTSMAN
The late Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who up to last season was an ardent follower of hounds

Will Coaching Revive?

You seldom see any account of the doings of Lord Leconfield's Hounds in the hunting papers, but the pack is one of the best in the kingdom. The Master, whose photograph we give, is a genuine enthusiast, who took over the pack eighteen years ago from his predecessor in the title. Lord Leconfield is also a great coaching man, and will probably be identified with a revival in that branch of sport next

HUNTING ON THE DEVONSHIRE MOORS
A sporting field with the Lamerton Hounds in their stone-walled country. Note the keen sporting parson on the left of the picture

LORD LECONFIELD ARRIVES AT THE MEET
This enthusiastic M.F.H. has hunted the Petworth country in Sussex for many seasons

summer. Four-in-hand driving was going remarkably well before the War, but during the interval several famous whips have passed away, and for this and other reasons it was found impossible to resuscitate the usual meets last season. No doubt the revival of the International Horse Show at Olympia will do something to put coaching on its legs next summer, and I hope we shall see the picturesque coaching Marathon again.

A. W. C.

Racing Notions

STEEPLECHASING. By "CARBINE"

Brilliant Poethlyn

It was pleasant to see Poethlyn at work again last week. The great 'chaser did not have much to do at Lingfield, but he jumped with his accustomed ease, and evidently has not lost his form. Now nine years old, he has plenty of time to add another Grand National to his credit. Unless there is some undeveloped talent of which we know nothing at present, I cannot see how any of the jumpers trained in this country can beat him at Aintree. His chief rival here will probably be his stable companion, Pollen. If the usual conditions governing the weights for the Grand National are adhered to, in which the top weight is not given more than 12 st. 7 lb. to

MAJOR HENRY HAWKINS AND THE GRAFTON HOUNDS

Like several other packs, the Grafton are temporarily debarred from hunting a part of their country owing to recently-imposed rabies restrictions in Buckinghamshire.

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

carry, I expect Poethlyn will prove good enough to repeat last year's triumph.

Irish Jumpers

THE danger to him will come from Ireland, where they have a young 'chaser of the highest promise in Troytown. I shall be surprised if this big horse, who has already captured the chief steeplechasing prize of France, does not, with reasonable luck, put his name among Grand National winners. Then I suppose that Ballyhoggan will have another cut at Poethlyn at Liverpool. Last season his supporters declared that he would have beaten Mrs. Peel's horse if the fences had been as strong as usual, but I think this may easily prove a mistaken notion. Poethlyn is immensely clever, and is not the sort to take too much out of himself at the jumps. That is why he is able to do as well over the comparatively mild fences at Sandown Park, Lingfield, and similar cases, as he does over the much more formidable obstacles at Liverpool.

POETHLYN WINS AGAIN.
The famous Grand National winner is here seen clearing an obstacle in the Southern Double 'Chase at Lingfield last week. He won the race with ease.

Tame Sport

WITH a few exceptions the steeplechasing so far this season has been tame and uninteresting. Wretchedly poor fields have been the usual order. I suppose things will liven up in the New Year, when we shall have some important programmes at Manchester, Cheltenham, Gatwick, and elsewhere, but it seems to me that the National Hunt programme this winter is twice as long as it should be. As for the selling steeplechases, they have been too mediocre for words. There seems to be very few horses in training for this branch of steeplechases, and I cannot understand why racecourse executives continue to include these races in all their programmes. Thrice within a fortnight there have been walks-over in selling steeplechases, and you know how the loss of a race in the middle of the programme on a cheerless winter afternoon gives the crowd that "fed-up" feeling. If owners persistently refuse to chance their horses in this humble class of race, why have such events at all? There are meetings this week at Windsor and Gatwick. I content myself with suggesting that **Kirkharle** may win the Croydon Hurdle Race on Friday, and **King's Coat** the other division of that race on the following day.

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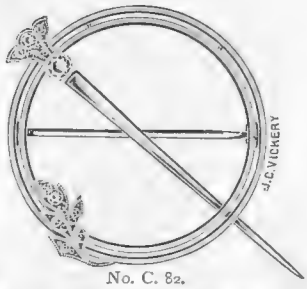

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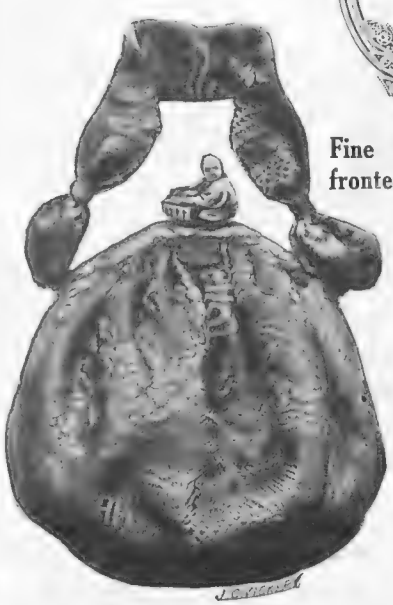

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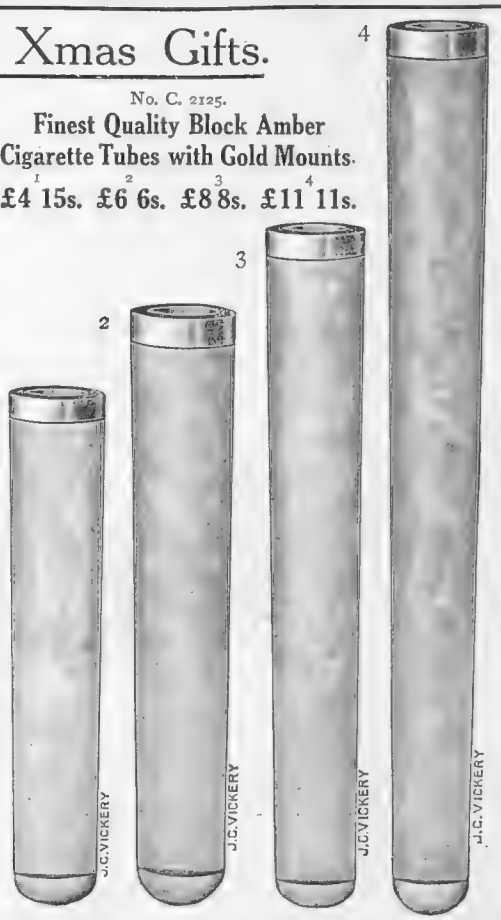

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A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

How would you describe caricature? It has come, I suppose, to mean no more than amusing exaggeration to many good people. Mr. Bernard Shaw is a pleasantly benign, oldish gentleman with a grey beard. Look at most of the caricatures of him, and you will see the representation of little more than a queerly-shaped beard, coloured bright red if the publication runs to colour. But, if the caricature is worth anything at all, you get an idea of that fiery, aggressive, I-know-more-than-you-do atmosphere in which popular opinion has elected to clothe the author of *Man and Superman*. Draw eyebrows sufficiently large which project from a parabola going nowhere in particular, and you have Pinero. Draw a series of circles resting ponderously on one another and you have Mr. G. K. Chesterton. A huge collar on the top of a well-dressed lamp-post is Lord Spencer if it isn't "Lulu" Harcourt. But, of course, caricature should be much more than exaggeration. It should embrace real portraiture: it should *be* real portraiture.

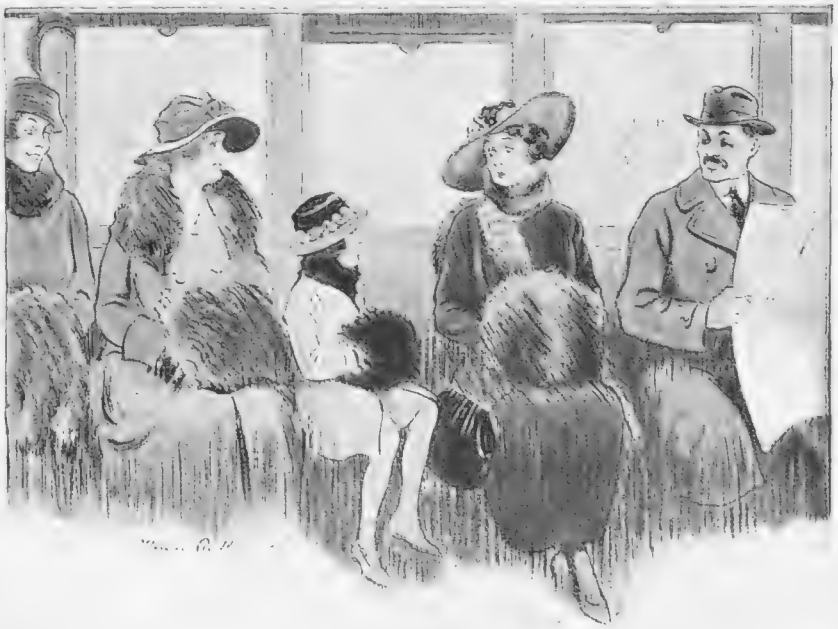
❀ ❀

Now if you take up the very beautifully produced *Personalities* (Secker: 21*s.* net) of Captain Kapp, you see at once how this may be done. But I can imagine Captain Kapp being angry, were you to call him a caricaturist. These twenty-four drawings, he would doubtless maintain, are just portraits. So they are: interpretive portraits with the ordinary photographical embroideries skilfully omitted. You may argue that Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has a face built on lines more or less common to most of his countrymen. Gaze on Kapp's portrait, and you will see your mistake. Mr. Masterman's face is a series of oddly-shaped crystals in process of formation. Moreover, the whole of modern politics is crowded into Kapp's representation of that face. (A quite dreadful business.) On the other hand, there is the Yoné Noguchi, which is just a wonderful portrait with no tinge of symbolic exaggeration. And the queer shaky line, which after many convolutions turns into the head of Lord Morley of Blackburn, is a masterpiece of subtle ingenuity. The Duke of Devonshire is another success—five or six sleepy lines. The musicians are delightful—particularly Mr. Landon Ronald, who, after seeing Kapp's portrait of himself, will assuredly refuse ever to take off the dress-suit which encases him. Only in the Masefield does this new artist fail to convince, and I could wish that it had not been included. *Personalities* is a remarkable volume which just begs to be bought. It will be the first of a series in which we shall all have to get ourselves included sometime or other. For Kapp, as it seems to me, will be the new sort of Max, with new sorts of methods and an astoundingly adventurous pencil.

❀ ❀

The last Antarctic Expedition was not a success, but it was a failure which was exciting and splendid enough. Shackleton endeavoured to cross the great southern continent. He organised two separate parties who were to have operated from opposite sides. He himself accompanied the main party in the *Endurance*, but misfortune dogged him. He tells the story very simply in his book, *South* (Heinemann: 25*s.* net). The *Endurance*, after drifting northwards, caught in the ice, floundered, and the party was obliged to camp out on the ice. They reached Elephant Island, whence Shackleton himself with three or four others voyaged some eight hundred miles to reach inhabited land. Even on South Georgia it was necessary to cross plateaux thought to be inaccessible before they came to a whaling station and found human beings. Help was forthcoming, but only at the fourth attempt were the twenty-two men, who had lived for over four months beneath an over-turned ship's boat, rescued and brought back to civilization. There is, of course, a tendency for all books of this kind to show too many features in common, but *South* is exciting throughout, and the numerous photographs taken by Mr. Hurley are extraordinarily interesting and varied.

(Continued on next page)



MY AUNT!

"Mamma, did Aunt Ella give you that hat for keeps?"

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

I CAN imagine people reading Miss Ethel Mayne's new book, called for some erudite reason *Blindman* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* net) and saying: "But I was told these were short stories!" Well, so they are, but they are not the ordinary stories of the magazines, wherein he marries her, or she murders him. Miss Mayne thinks that we have had enough of that sort of thing. She looks for her drama elsewhere. She gives her art to the moments and people not usually dealt with. You have to follow her very closely if you want to understand her intention. Hers is a difficult technique, very delicate no doubt, but sometimes annoying.

Photograph *Sidney Loeb*

MLLE. DESIRÉE ELLINGER

Who is taking the leading part in the new play, "Sylvia's Lovers," at the Ambassadors Theatre, which is being produced to-night, December 10

FRANKLY, I considered some of the moments, thus dimly detailed, rather boring. There is a story called, "The Man of the House," which tells of the death of a cat. It won a £100 prize recently in *Land and Water*—the story, not the cat. Well, the death of a cat, as we know, can sometimes mean much to its owners, but never, I should think, has it meant so much as it did to the Misses Mount. I confess I would not have been interested in this cat had it not been Miss Mayne who had told me about it. As it is, this is the only story in the book which is likely to remain in one's memory.

MR. HARRY FURNISS in his time has done more things than most people. His pencil has been busy for long years, and, as most people know, it has been a humorous, good-natured, though inquisitive pencil, which has taken its owner into many strange places and helped to introduce him to many strange, if celebrated, people. Very naturally he is now settling down into that period of life which demands autobiographical details. A first volume is just published. *My Bohemian Days* (Hurst and Blackett: 16*s.* net) is a cheery volume, very much what you might expect it to be, but, unlike most of its kind, with more than a hundred drawings by the author. And these sketches do indeed take you back to those old days which will never come back. There are too many bye-laws and prohibitions these days. It is a gossipy book for the bedside.

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MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (concluded)

lose some fives. To wipe them out, seven must be played, and so forth. That's the way you go on, till at last your bets are evened, or until, anyhow you've won enough to satisfy you, after a struggle. You can't win at every seance, but you can always win in the end, in spite of zero, which *will* take its percentage. I tell you the bank dreads the kind of man who has the qualities to play 'Biffer'!

"As for the 'attack'—as professionals call it—here's a congenial wife for husband 'Biffer.'

"When you sit down at a table (you *must* sit: it takes concentration!) don't play the first coup. If red comes, stake on red for the next; if black, stake on black; that is, play for the run of the colour that appears. At your *first* loss, you still go for the run; but if you have two consecutive losses on a colour, you change over and play for the colour which has made you lose twice. In that way, the one thing which can give you a string of losses, are runs of two—*coups de deux*—or red red, black black.

"These can repeat so often that it's a good game to play for them. So, when *two coups de deux* have appeared—red red, black black, or vice versa—you leave the strict system, and bet for the things to keep on. As soon as they break up, however, you return instanter to the strict."

Coneybeare had studied the game more or less from a mathematician's point of view, but Berry made him practice for hours at home before trying his luck at the Casino; and it was Rosaleen—the mascot—who gave "Coney" spins on a toy roulette watch. He got to depend upon her, and they became "pals." The whole party were so keen on watching "Coney" make his plunge that no one played on his own account the first day. And the poor mascot—with a beating heart—prayed that Fortune might favour her protégé—anyhow, at the beginning!

Fortune answered the prayer, thrillingly, lusciously; and Rosaleen was easily able to persuade "Coney" that it was better to win for six hours than three. Then, when luck turned—as it did—there was the mascot at the player's side to whisper: "Don't you want to see it through? Just go, get a sandwich, and I'll keep your place at the table, *mon ami*!"

At night, "Coney" often tried in bed to find the flaw in "Biffay" which his play at the tables hadn't shown him, but find it he could not. After ups and downs, joyous seances, and dismal struggles, the result worked out as Berry had prophesied, only he had played twice as long—six hours each day. At the end of three wonderful weeks the Pessimist had to admit: "Well, the flaw eludes me!" And he made 4,000 louis, half of which sum, according to their bet, he owed Borrodaile.

"Now, darling," said Miss Malone to Sir Berrian, "you can get rid of that *Cat* and her belongings. I've got the refusal of a whole flat full of lovely things to be sold at Nice. And we've the money to pay for them twice over."

Berry kissed her. "You *are* a mascot, my word!" he exploded. "Let's—let's go and *insult* Mrs. Phillips!"

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That Glass of Beer

A HIGHLY IMPROBABLE STORY

BY DYKE WHITE

The Art of Getting Drunk

Getting drunk occupies a very big place in our modern entertainments. Teetotalists shouted with laughter over the lamentable exhibition in *Daddy Long Legs* of two children who had put hard cider in their mouths to steal away their brains—a wonderful example of the film-art of Mary Pickford, but morally ugly in spite of her genius. A drunken scene is more coveted by many celebrated actors than death-scenes by Sarah Bernhardt. It is the weakness for which the public has the most sympathy, when it is displayed in art. The delineation of drunkenness is almost a test condition on the stage.

There are three forms of stage drunkenness which interest us: the most difficult to depict is that of the gentleman, like Cassio, in *Othello*, to make drunkenness appear as "a most gentleman-like sin." Coquelin, of all the interpreters of Cassio, pulled off that supreme accomplishment without offending, at once awakening pity and fear. Then there is the man who is not drunk but who intelligently assumes the part in order to further his own ends: many are the examples of this, but to Wyndham belonged the laurels of that Bacchus. It would take a Charles Lamb to comment on that inimitable performance of his in *David Garrick*—one of the classics of our modern stage. And, lastly, the comedian who looks upon drunkenness as the means of sheer fun—without attempting to get anything out of it, except mirth. This, George Robey does in the Prohibition sketch in the new addition of *Joy Bells*, at the Hippodrome, where he reduces intoxication to the understandable jest of caricature.

MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE

Of "Lilac Domino" fame, who has been engaged by the British Gaumont Film Company to play the lead (the Comtesse de Werthe) in a new film by Mr. Eric Scott, entitled "The Fall of a Saint." A private view of this film, which, it is claimed, will be among the most costly productions of British films, will be given next month in London

The illusion of drunkenness is far more difficult to create on the stage than that of any of the noble emotions. It is always a subject, like spiritualism, about which everybody fancies he knows everything—when nobody really knows anything.

Really, the great art of getting drunk, on stage, up stage, or off stage, is while taking too much to drink, to remain agreeably sober. Art, after all, is nothing else so much as self-control.

R. T. R. M.

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Motoring & Aviation

MR. A. V. ROE is an enthusiast, a bundle of nerves that, once set vibrating on a subject, never rest until he has accomplished something out of the ordinary. I well remember first meeting him at Brooklands, where he had a bit of a shed, his brother and another assistant, when he started many years ago to build his first power-driven aeroplane in 1906, and I was present at Blackpool in 1908, if my memory serves me rightly, when his little triplane, with its 9 h.p. J.A.P. engine, got off the ground. Since then Avro machines have proved their utility. Last week he asked me to visit the works at Manchester, where he is building the Avro light car. I expected when I arrived there to find something different to other folks' cars, and I was not disappointed. Like his first flying-machine, he has started building something small, this time in the way of cars, and, what is more, he is determined to produce it at a low cost, and not to let the price jump up like a pea in a pan because his rivals think they can ask any old price and get it since the world seems motor-getting mad. Consequently he is going to "get there" as sure as there is a sun in the heavens, although we don't see as much of that as we would like to, especially at Manchester.

***

A SIMPLE chassis, with 10 h.p. monobloc engine of four cylinders, water-cooled and epicyclic gears, pedal controlled, is the new Avro light car's mechanical features, which is about all the average motorist wants to know about. Upon this is carried an all-weather body full of Roe's gadgets for the comfort and usefulness of the owner and passengers. I will describe a few of these, as this is where the individuality of the car and its designer is strongly evidenced. Take the windscreen as an instance. This is in four portions, so that the front passenger can keep his side of it closed when in wet weather the driver needs to open a portion of his side of it to see to drive in safety. Then there is the permanently fixed top, which is light, yet strong, neat and more effective than a folding top, which, when fitted upon a car, is seldom rolled up for fear of cracking, which would spoil the material it is made of. Yet it is quite an open car if required when fine weather is about, as well as being as comfy as a limousine if the user wishes it in its all-closed condition, for on each side of the body is a wide door, into which slides a frameless window To complete the limousine effect, behind each of these windows is a second wide and moveable window, the slides of all being hinged to fall flat when not in use, and in the centre of the back is also another large window, made to be raised or lowered at will. The result is a jolly little enclosed drive car when all the windows are up or an open touring car with a canopy when they are down, and no draughts, the latter a thing of importance.

***

IN the ordinary way this would alone make this new car somewhat unique, but I have not finished yet, for the seating accommodation is particularly apt. Here are no fixed seats like standard practice that may fit your curves but most likely don't, in which comfort and insulation from road bumps are counteracted by padded upholstery, supported on concealed coil springs. In the Avro a separate and removable bucket-seat is provided for each sitter in the car, comfortable and supported on four coil springs. The bases of the springs are carried on runners resting on the floor of the coach body, and clamped in any

"WHY THE BLAZES DON'T THEY SIT IN THE MIDDLE?"

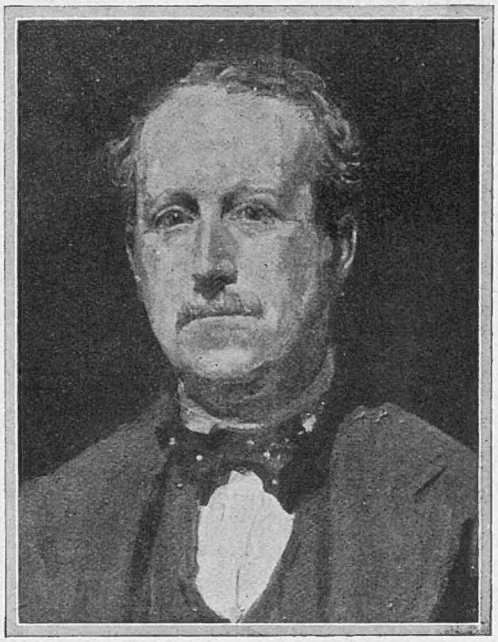
BY C. E. B. BERNARD

position that the occupant chooses by a "dog" and hand wheel, a very simple and light arrangement. The result is that not only is the person sitting in comfort as regards height or length of limb, but the position is always retained, no matter how the car itself is affected by the road, and road shocks don't reach him—or very likely her. Another benefit of these detachable seats is that the body can be arranged for the driver only and the rest of the space be filled with luggage, all weather-protected, or to seat two side by side, or one in front and one behind, also with room for luggage, or to seat three persons, two in front and one behind, or *vice versa*, or "staggered" fashion, or, lastly, to suit four people, though three is the standard complement.

* * *

But even this long category does not finish ringing the changes of this carriage, because it is possible to take the seats out and use them as occasional chairs when you are short at home or at a picnic or race-going, and with only two in the car you can make up a couple of bunks for camping inside, so away go hotel bills. Really this is THE car for the "new poor," and dear old Roe has had his bad times, so he really knows. Though I am glad to say that is all past, and, I hope, gone for ever. Profiting by his aeroplane-building experience, he has built the Avro car to be light, yet strong, and the result is it only weighs 14 cwt. 3 qrs. complete with four seats and electric lighting equipment, though if a starter is wanted that is an extra in avoirdupois and cash. Its price is £395 and no more, as this firm are determined to put on the market a vehicle of which anybody who can afford to run a motor-car can also afford to pay the initial first cost. Perhaps, before I leave this interesting addition to the family of cars, I ought to say a word about the pedal change-gear. This is effected for the three forward speeds and reverse by a pedal through a gate arrangement somewhat similar to a Ford. For the reverse, first, and second speed the pedal has to be held down but for the top the pressure by the foot, is released. There is also a foot-brake and a pedal-throttle. The hand brake is fixed centrally, and so arranged that when the brake is on the clutch cannot connect with the top speed, so that gear rater cannot be in action unless the hand brake lever is in the off position.

OLD HY.



A PORTRAIT OF MR. CLAUDE JOHNSON

By the well-known artist Mr. Ambrose McEvoy Mr. Johnson was the first Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, 1897-1903, and first Honorary Secretary of the Royal Aero Club. He has been Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Limited, since its foundation. This portrait is now the property of the Royal Automobile Club

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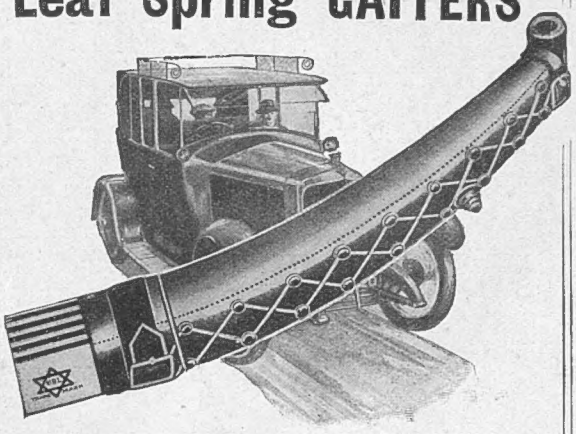

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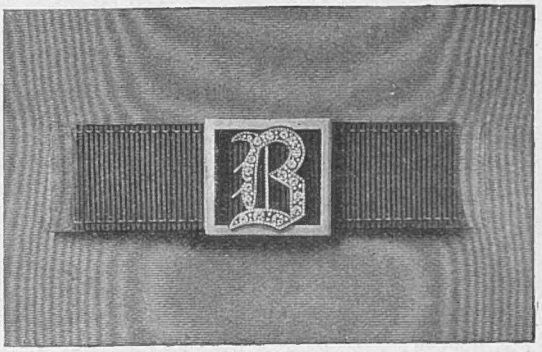

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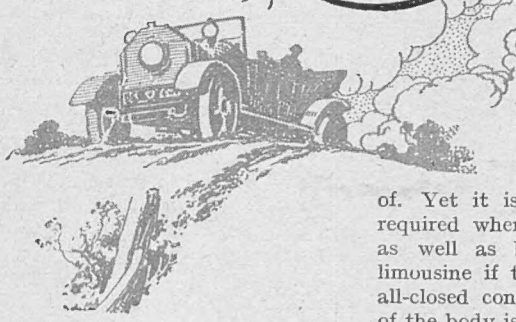

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A SIMPLE chassis, with 10 h.p. monobloc engine of four cylinders, water-cooled and epicyclic gears, pedal controlled, is the new Avro light car's mechanical features, which is about all the average motorist wants to know about. Upon this is carried an all-weather body full of Roe's gadgets for the comfort and usefulness of the owner and passengers. I will describe a few of these, as this is where the individuality of the car and its designer is strongly evidenced. Take the windscreen as an instance. This is in four portions, so that the front passenger can keep his side of it closed when in wet weather the driver needs to open a portion of his side of it to see to drive in safety. Then there is the permanently fixed top, which is light, yet strong, neat and more effective than a folding top, which, when fitted upon a car, is seldom rolled up for fear of cracking, which would spoil the material it is made of. Yet it is quite an open car if required when fine weather is about, as well as being as comfy as a limousine if the user wishes it in its all-closed condition, for on each side of the body is a wide door, into which slides a frameless window To complete the limousine effect, behind each of these windows is a second wide and moveable window, the slides of all being hinged to fall flat when not in use, and in the centre of the back is also another large window, made to be raised or lowered at will. The result is a jolly little enclosed drive car when all the windows are up or an open touring car with a canopy when they are down, and no draughts, the latter a thing of importance.

* * *

IN the ordinary way this would alone make this new car somewhat unique, but I have not finished yet, for the seating accommodation is particularly apt. Here are no fixed seats like standard practice that may fit your curves but most likely don't, in which comfort and insulation from road bumps are counteracted by padded upholstery, supported on concealed coil springs. In the Avro a separate and removable bucket-seat is provided for each sitter in the car, comfortable and supported on four coil springs. The bases of the springs are carried on runners resting on the floor of the coach body, and clamped in any

"WHY THE BLAZES DON'T THEY SIT IN THE MIDDLE?"

By C. E. B. BERNARD

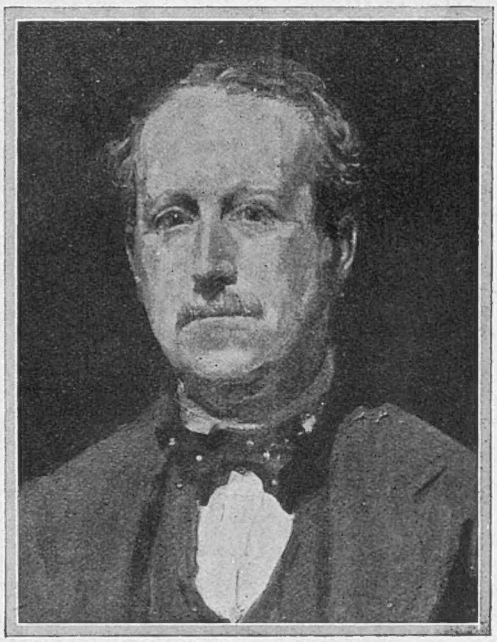
MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

position that the occupant chooses by a "dog" and hand wheel, a very simple and light arrangement. The result is that not only is the person sitting in comfort as regards height or length of limb, but the position is always retained, no matter how the car itself is affected by the road, and road shocks don't reach him—or very likely her. Another benefit of these detachable seats is that the body can be arranged for the driver only and the rest of the space be filled with luggage, all weather-protected, or to seat two side by side, or one in front and one behind, also with room for luggage, or to seat three persons, two in front and one behind, or *vice versa*, or "staggered" fashion, or, lastly, to suit four people, though three is the standard complement.

* * *

But even this long category does not finish ringing the changes of this carriage, because it is possible to take the seats out and use them as occasional chairs when you are short at home or at a picnic or race-going, and with only two in the car you can make up a couple of bunks for camping inside, so away go hotel bills. Really this is THE car for the "new poor," and dear old Roe has had his bad times, so he really knows. Though I am glad to say that is all past, and, I hope, gone for ever. Profiting by his aeroplane-building experience, he has built the Avro car to be light, yet strong, and the result is it only weighs 14 cwt. 3 qrs. complete with four seats and electric lighting equipment, though if a starter is wanted that is an extra in avoirdupois and cash. Its price is £395 and no more, as this firm are determined to put on the market a vehicle of which anybody who can afford to run a motor-car can also afford to pay the initial first cost. Perhaps, before I leave this interesting addition to the family of cars, I ought to say a word about the pedal change-gear. This is effected for the three forward speeds and reverse by a pedal through a gate arrangement somewhat similar to a Ford. For the reverse, first, and second speed the pedal has to be held down but for the top the pressure by the foot, is released. There is also a foot-brake and a pedal-throttle. The hand brake is fixed centrally, and so arranged that when the brake is on the clutch cannot connect with the top speed, so that gear rater cannot be in action unless the hand brake lever is in the off position.

OLD HY.



A PORTRAIT OF MR. CLAUDE JOHNSON

By the well-known artist Mr. Ambrose McEvoy Mr. Johnson was the first Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, 1897-1903, and first Honorary Secretary of the Royal Aero Club. He has been Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Limited, since its foundation. This portrait is now the property of the Royal Automobile Club

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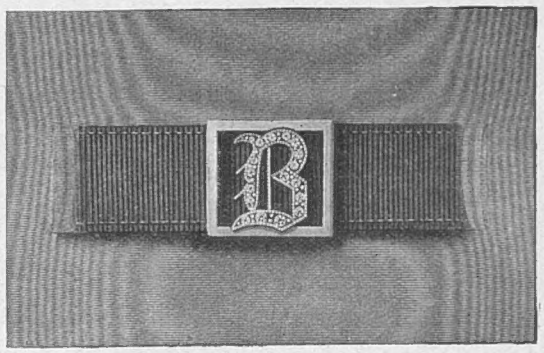

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